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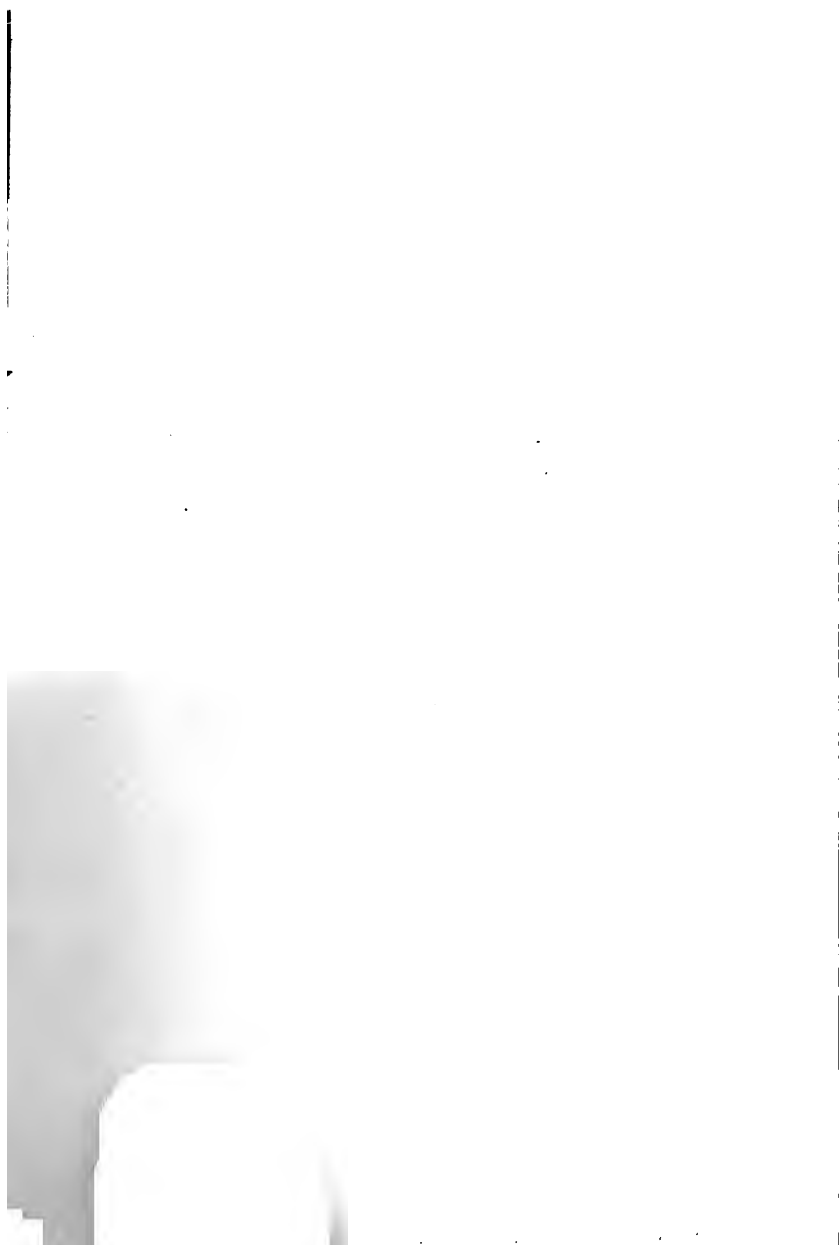


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23 August 1858

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THE GUARDS.

A NOVEL.

"Arma Virumque cano."—VIRGIL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE GUARDS.

A GUARDSMAN is a being *sui generis*, not in the vulgar interpretation of the swinish multitude, but in the most refined and sublimated acceptation of the word ; an individual select, distinct, and separate from the soldier or civilian of any other kind. Birth, rank, and fashion, hover round the standard of the Guards ; but above all, royal presence, the air of the court, (which must add a *courtly* air to a martial appearance,) all lend lustre to the warrior and the *beau*. His habits, as well as his *habiliments*, differ from the cavalry and infantry of the line ; his *ton* or fashion is peculiar to the corps, which gives, instead of borrowing, a *goût* or polish to others in the army and in high life. The *Line* has *des manières empruntées*, often *le ton du garnison* ; but the Guards have a deportment, dress, and address of their own. By this it is not meant to assert, that a Guardsman never borrows any thing ; he may *par hasard* borrow a trifle, from a rouleau at a gaming-table, to an heiress at a watering-place ; and (*mirabile dictu !*) possibly his neighbour's *cara sposa* at country quarters, *pour passer le tems* ; but he never condescends to assume an iota of style, elegance or refinement, from any source beyond the brigade ; whilst, on the contrary, envying and admiring youths copy and imitate His Majesty's Guards with the extremest exertion and attention imaginable ; and they (the Guards) are *decidedly* (as we say) the prototypes of the day.

But to return to the *genus* (not *genius*, gentle reader,) of the Guards. It is not that of the exquisite, the *merveilleux*, the dandy, or *muscadin*, native or foreign ; and much less of the ruffian or sporting character of town or country, civil or military ; for the latter may be all civil or military, or neither ; or *too civil by half*, like a country cousin, kind, loving and troublesome : whereas the Guardsman is both military and civil, polite, but familiarly conceited, yet with such an off-hand elegance and amiable levity, that his behaviour passes current like a well-bred compliment, which may enchant and ruin, dazzle and deceive at the same transitory moment ; and above all, (or *ante todas cosas*, as *we* say in Spain,) the military part of his *essence* (a most *essential* point) so happily predominates over the blue or black coated fashionable, that although he may lisp, drawl, whisper, simper, ogle, and look by turns languishing and supercilious, blink through his eye-glass, or trifle away his life ; yet the soldier comes so happily in to the assistance of the simple fop, that he avoids effeminacy, and still keeps up a degree of masculine dignity. Other military men remain so long at out-quarters, nay, even in foreign, distant, and hostile countries and climes, that they lose the town varnish, and look strange in coloured clothes ;—*au contraire*, the Guards are so constantly passing from the parade to the palace, and from the drill-ground to the drawing-room, that, like odours of the flower of love, ay, verily, and of the perfumer's shop, and (sweetest of all) the blush of lady's cheek, which has sometimes come and gone the *same way*, their suavity of manner is continually going and coming, marching and countermarching, advancing and retreating, *but never forming line*.

So *unique* is the style of the Guards. The more forcibly to illustrate what has been advanced, we

need only repeat of the Guards in general, what was said in particular, by the Commander-in-Chief of the troops in North America, in days of yore, to the honourable Colonel, afterwards General Gardener, a macaroni of the old school ; namely, “ that no man was more careless of his person in the field, nor took more care and pains about it when out of it : ” —that no man fought more manfully, nor dressed more affectedly, than that gallant officer.

Here, however, a distinction in favour of the new school is due : powder and pomatum, frills and red-heeled pumps, have vanished before the Stanhope or other crop, and the game-cock spurs of our exquisite field and other mounted officers, etc., etc.

It must be quite superfluous to add, that the rank obtained in the *Gardes*, as they are *town-ishly* called, attracts fortune and quality to their royal colours, and that royal favour and royal smiles gild the prospects of the military aspirant. There is, however, another advantage derived from entering the corps, which surpasses all the rest ; to wit, the *entrée* into life which such first commission procures ; the passport to high circles ; the opportunity of studying the most finished models, of copying from the most splendid originals ; at the supereminent head of which stands His present most gracious and graceful Majesty : and it is the fervent prayer of the author of these pages, that he may long occupy that exalted station, whilst his faithful guards, gentlemen, and other subjects, may continue to chant, in full chorus and full affection, their hymn of loyalty :—

“ For the throne of our King is an Englishman’s heart.”

In every court and every country, the household troops, King’s or Body-Guards, have acquired a splendour befitting the servants and champions of the

crown : a sun glitters on the buttons of the *Gardes du Corps* ; brilliant trappings sparkle on the Imperial Guard of the successor of the Cæsars ; but never were the rays of the day-star more due than to the Sovereign of Albion, for " *lucet omnibus* ;" nor did ever lace and embroidery, gorgets, and cuirasses, better become the sons of Mars than those which adorn those bosoms and bodies, which have fluttered through Pall-Mall and St. James's, yet have bled and vanquished, triumphed and turned the tide of war in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and whose nodding plumes, now the ensign of volatility, humbled the eagle of Napoleon, and highly contributed to break his sceptre and to lower his flag. Thus, having characterized the nature of the Guards ; having bestowed the merited meed of praise on their name and achievements ; having slightly touched a few peculiarities connected with the corps, and shown the reasons for certain preferences which they always have enjoyed, and ever will continue to do : with such a monarch, and such materials, it may be permitted to touch individuals with the light feather of satire, and to chronicle the feats and foibles of fashion and of fancy ; and whilst "The Guards" furnish the standing dish of this novel, to throw in the side-table fare of their companions and other associations, together with a little tittle-tattle of the town as a *sauce piquante*. Convinced that the Grenadiers will be *forward* in the field, and becoming in their social intercourse with the *beau monde* ; that the Coldstream will be "*nulli secundus* ;" that the 3d regiment will everywhere assert the honour of, and fight for, the thistle and its expressive motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," it becomes now time to enter into the history and adventures of an officer of the Guards, from his standing before a fair lady's Psyche mirror, and beholding himself for the first time, like a New-Year's-Day

Almanack, bound in scarlet and highly gilt, down to a more advanced and experienced time of life. Here a voice from the tomb cries "Halt!"—a glorious spark, flashing from the embers of the illustrious dead, forbids me to conclude without lowering the sword's point to departed worth and renown, living yet in bleeding breasts and tearful eyes,—without breathing the sigh of praise upon the imperishable laurel which blooms over his memory. Hard by his honoured tomb the broken invalid, the orphan, and the widow, long may droop, standing in the silent imagery of woe;—no more appropriate supporters can be located near his last bed; no fitter national, and, above all, military remembrancer, can be published in posthumous applauding of his career as a soldier and as a prince. He was the soldier's brother, the orphan's father, and the widow's friend; and ye gay and gallant Guardsmen, whose uniform he wore; ye whom he especially was pleased to call his comrades; ye who most especially shared his fair, yet fond protection; ye ancients* who saw him in his beauty, and marked with sorrowful observation the change which sickness wrought upon his manly features; ye whose children his protective and patronizing hand led to the place of promotion, and pointed out the road to glory—what affliction must be your's! Ye, too, whom I beheld sitting disconsolate near Britain's mourning flag when your dear Chief lay in the cold embrace of death—what feelings must be your's! Nor can the medalled veteran, grown gray in the service, and ennobled by high desert, all clad though he be in worsted lace,† be

* The term "*mon ancien*" was a favourite one in Napoleon's army; it was equal to "*mon brave*," and it is in this sense that I allow myself to make use of it, with due respect to all old soldiers, from the prince to the private: the term, I am sure, will not offend them—it ought not.

† The French soldiers affect to despise our worsted lace. An Irish soldier told of this, exclaimed, "Faith, then, we have often *worsted* them, and trimmed their jackets into the bargain."

omitted in the list of mourners—ye all regret him. Lastly, ye sprigs of the laurel-tree, and branches of the oak; ye whose age has only enabled you to contemplate his setting sun, and the fruitful autumn of his years—that period when the early splendour of power has gone by, when the effervescence of the passions has subsided, and all is mild, mellow, warm, yet temperate; when experience ripens what kind intention put forth in honourable and benevolent design,—come ye and mingle the dew of sympathy in Britannia's urn: let us all join heart and hand, and say in the plain yet expressive language of sincerity, "He is gone! he is no more! his place is vacant among the sons of men! peace to his manes!"

'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

CHAPTER I.

"Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto."—HORAT.

"LET us put him into the Fourth Foot," said Mr. Greenlaw, now Sir John; "it bears the name of the King's Own, and that pleases me," (his lady made no reply :) "or into the Seventh Fusileers, the dress is so elegant," (not a word :) "or into the brave Forty-second, but no, the kilt would never do for Bob: or into"—"A fool's cap," indignantly replied her ladyship, for she was such in her own right, or rather by the courtesy very properly conceded to the descendants of the peerage. "A pretty thing indeed!" continued she, with a toss of the

head, which always was a *check-mate* to her husband—"a fine thing indeed, for the maternal grandson of a Peer, the nephew of a General, the cousin of an Admiral, the grandson by *your* side (laying great emphasis on the pronoun) of a member of Parliament, your only son, and heir to twelve thousand a year, besides (with a toss of the head number two) my property and expectancies, the Bishop's personal property, the Scotch estate in chancery, (toss number three, and it was a *toss-up* if ever she got it,) the Longdale reversion, the chance of brother Herbert's dying at Naples, my everlasting grand aunt's succession!—why, you must be addled, cloudy, or besotted!—what? put Herbert, whom you, like a bumpkin, choose to call Bob!"—

"Robert Herbert Gascoigne, *love*!" gently interrupted Sir John, whose Borough interest and whose lady's pen shortly after procured him to be presented and knighted—"Herbert, my love, would make a pretty officer."—"True," replied she; "but you would make a pretty hand of it to put him in an Infantry Regiment, liable to be sent I don't know where."—"Well, then, in the Dragoons," said the mild partner, (for he perceived that she was on *her high horse*,) "in the King's, or the Royal, or the Light Dragoons, the Tenth Hussars, or one of the Regiments of Lancers, (this he conceived was *mounting* on the scale of fashion,) or, my love, the Life Guards, or Blues."—"Neither, *sweet* sir, (ironically, with the usual toss,)—"neither, if you please. Herbert Gascoigne would be lost in the Life-Guard boots, extinguished in their massy helmet, oppressed by the cuirass, and, in short, would be ill at his ease. Herbert is delicate and growing, and would not suit the dress at all; neither would the masqueradish appearance of the Tenth *please me*;—besides, he has no beard, and would be ridiculous in false musta-

chios ;—the lance, again, is beyond his strength, and the Light and Heavy Dragoons are not sufficiently *distingués*."

"Why, Sir Marmaduke, one of your ancestors served in the Green Horse long tails, you know," remarked Sir John.

"Green geese !" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, "and their long tails !—you make a long *enough* tale of but you forget, *mon bon homme*, that you are talking of a dark age, when the Green and Black Horses were little more than regiments of Cavalry militia, and when the Life Guards were called the *Cherubim* ; all gingerbread and gold leaf ; shopkeepers and freeholders. But now the thing is quite altered : they are all smarted and brushed up, and have been to foreign parts ; the Household Troops have gathered laurels on the Continent ; and the green horns no longer play at soldiers, but have borne the brunt of the war in right earnest :—but none of that suits me."

"The Blues ?"

"No—I don't like them."

"Why ?"

"Because I don't like them." ("A woman's reason," muttered the husband to himself.) "What do you mean to do (here she carried it with a high head) to put Herbert Gascoigne into the Guards, vulgarly called the *Foot Guards*."

"Oh ! ho ! Yes, (a silence,) that's well :"—he looked as Mr. Shandy did when he talked about putting his boy into breeches ;—it was like making a man of him at once.

"The Guards," resumed her Ladyship, "constitute the cream of elegance, and present the mirror of *bon ton* :—they are drawing-room furniture, to be talked with, Palace ornaments, the appendages of Royalty, and companions for Nobility ;—what an introduc-

is the Guard uniform ! what opportunities does the sojourning in town afford of advancement in every shape ! they are under the eye of Majesty, and at the fountain of elegance. Whom would a young woman of quality like to dance with, but an officer in the Guards ? Whom would a Duchess-dowager solicit to hand her from her Opera-box to her carriage, but a handsome officer in the Guards ? To whom would Nobility apply for room, or a passage to the Presence-chamber, but to a young officer of the Guards ? Who more likely to run off with an heiress, than an officer of the Guards ?—In short, no other service offers the same perspective,—and in the Guards he shall be. The Guards, it is true, were a little fallen off last war ; men of moderate fortune, and whom nobody know, came in from the half-pay,—*officiers de mérite*, no doubt, but they did not look like the pearl of fashion of my day ;—I had like to have been married to a Captain of the Guards, but—” interrupted by a sigh.

(Sir John.) “ I and Greenlaw Hall came in your way.”—A long pause.—(Lady Gertrude in continuation,) “ But the Peace will set all right again ; London habits and expensive company will drive out your private gentlemen, old soldiers, and economists ; and the Guards will be all the Guards once more—Captain Lord Charles Such-a-one ; the Honourable Ensign So-and-so ; Sir George New-come-in, with a hundred other-titled companions. I am resolved that Herbert shall marry a woman of quality, and the sooner we deposit our money with the agent the better. *Bob*, as he is called after your odious cousin,” (the husband gave a nod, “ is a delicate plant ; we took him from Oxford, because study gave him the head-ach ; he is tall and thin, taking after my side of the house, (meagre and bony, she might have said,) a hard-going, rough-riding ea-

valry regiment would destroy him ; his birth and expectations would be thrown away on a marching regiment, he has already been rusticated too long ; country quarters would undo all that maternal tenderness, foreign languages, and a winter in Paris have done in his favour ;—but the Guards offer other pursuits ; town is his barracks, Lady Rosemaunt's and Countess Romainville's houses are open to him, and he will have his *entrées libres* in the first company. I will allow that Lady Romainville's* name has been a little roughly handled by the public prints, and that the Countess is *au dessus des préjugés* ; but of what consequence is that to a young man of fashion ? None ; the very *élite* of the court circle is to be found at each of their Ladyship's parties ; and I repeat again, that it is no small advantage for a young man to have *les entrées libres* there."

"Yes," quoth Sir John, (so we shall in future call him,) "some folks are more free than welcome at the Countess's ; at least, so thinks the poor Count ; but that is nothing to me."

"True, the little intrigues of high life have nothing to do with my son's promotion. I already see him, *en perspective*, noticed in the first circles,—the approving eye of beauty every where on him,—a favourite in his regiment, a member of all the clubs, quoted in the papers and caricatured in the print-shops. It is incalculable what benefit a paragraph and a print do a young man, such as—' We noticed among the newest vehicles in the Park, Mr. Green-

* Countess Romainville, like a certain Grace, is one of those ladies whose fame suffered a little in the columns of a newspaper, and whose husband, (the Grace's,) filling a high situation abroad, has not the least intention of uniting again with his rib, being quite content *d'esser amici di lontano*. Lady R. is more formally separated from her Lord ; but then the nine days' wonder is over, and almost forgotten : the female part of her society stands rather aloof, but she still has a circle *d'une certaine tournure*.

law's, of the Guards, light mail, with four beautiful bright chesnuts, turned out in the best imaginable style.' Such an article in the gentle Post, or the Courier, would be a feather in his cap. Or a caricature of a tall thin elegant, in uniform, with these words under it—'A Scarlet Runner;' or skaiting elegantly (which he does), and extricating a fair Countess from falling into the Serpentine, with the significant words—'The ice broken.' Some happy device like this might make, not his fortune, but his fame; the former he does not want; and if you supply him as liberally as you ought, *C'est une affaire finie*; for I, like a female Chesterfield, have always preached up to him to study the graces."*

Here Lady Gertrude not only gave the accustomed toss of the head, but she took a side look of herself in the glass, and seemed quite self-satisfied.

At this moment, Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw drove in his curricule up to the door, and mamma flew to meet him, whilst the knight (then squire) retired to his library, where the Reverend Mr. Preach-hard, formerly the young man's tutor, was waiting for him. The reverend gentleman came from a neighbouring curacy to take leave of his young pupil, and to condole with his worthy friend, the country gentleman, on the ruin of the former, from the immeasurable ambition of Lady Gertrude, and her having so completely spoiled him.

"Her Ladyship," said the clergyman, "is next in culpability to the late Lady Diana Beauport, who used to boast that the first thing she would do, was to anteach her children all the nonsense about Adam

* There are many ways of getting into the columns of a newspaper, and into a print-shop; but so fond are some of notoriety, that it is well known that a certain ruined West Indian simpleton paid weekly for the former, and got a friend to introduce him to Cruikshanks for the purpose of getting him to bring him out as a caricature.

and Eve, and who never would assist at a baptism of any of them, contemptuously adding, that this ceremony was necessary for form's sake, and for regular registry, and the interests of succession; but she undermined the infant intellect, and did all in her power to instil incredulity into their young minds. Now Lady Gertrude does profess something like religion; but her love of fashion overturns all morality; the *beau monde* is her idol; and it will be very lucky if your son does not get into some very serious scrapes: he has an excellent heart—"

"But," interrupted his father, "he has been taught to consider himself already as far above me; he decides on points as if he was fifty years of age, and talks of *l'usage du monde* as if he had known and seen every thing in life. Upon my honour, if he goes on long this way he will be quite insupportable, and I shall not be sorry to give him a separate establishment in town: here he turns the house out of the windows; breakfast on the table from ten until three, dinner kept back until eight at night; after which, perhaps, he will come in about ten with some foreign figure-of-fun of an artist, whom he supports and makes a butt of, and orders dinner in his own room. A Spanish adventurer, Don Pedro de San Feliz, is now the companion, who teaches him to smoke and to play on the guitar; yet, with all this, my lady says that he will make a rare Guardsman. I shall write to Greenwood to-day, who is the prince of agents and the pearl of good fellows, and will have my money lodged immediately. I shall also give him unlimited credit at Coutts's house; for the sooner he runs his lengths, the more likely to see his error. Moreover, I can cut down ten thousand pounds worth of timber next year, and surely that will stand one winter's campaign in the Guards."

"There's no knowing," answered Mr. Preachard, with a sigh. At this moment the youth arrived. "My dear Bob!" exclaimed the ex-tutor.

"My dear Sir, no more *Bob*, if you please, or else you and I shall never *bear a bob together*. Herbert is the name to which I answer; and if you have any more advice to give, motived on your great regard for me, I have only to say for the future, '*Honorez nous, Seigneur, de votre indifférence; advice gratis is a mere drug, a quack medicine, and I can't stomach it. 'J'aime mieux un vice commode qu'une vertu fatigante.*' But '*il ne s'agit pas de tout cela.*' I have upset the poor Spanish colonel, and he has broken his collar-bone, because Crazy, one of my horses, would not touch collar, but went bold up-right on end at starting from Lord Rosemary's tennis-court, where I have been playing; so some of our *gens* must start for that odious pedant of an apothecary, Mr. Polyphrase, else it will be *neck or nothing* with the poor Don." Here he pulled out an enormous Spanish snuff-box, and raised a cloud of dust about him whilst he took a copious pinch. "*En voulez vous?*" to the clergyman.

"I do not speak French, but I understand your offer, which I beg to decline." (Exit.)

"*Tant mieux*, old proser. But pray, Sir," (to his father,) "when will you have the goodness to bestir yourself about my being gazetted?"

"This very day, Bob—Herbert, I mean. And pray what do you mean to do with your foreign friend when he recovers?"

"Why, give him twenty pounds and book him *per mail*, assuring him of my protection when I come to town, but where I shall take good care to cut him; in London he will neither be useful nor ornamental; but, as the song says—

‘Every thing’s fun in the country.’

Upon my soul, Sir, I begin to be heartily tired of these parts. I almost feel a *tedium vitæ*. You see Tom Bramblewood has been gazetted this month, and is actually on duty at the Tower—which, *entre nous*, must be a devil of a bore : it certainly is bad taste to shut up his Majesty’s Guards in such vile quarters, where a man (I should think) must game and drink and invent all sorts of mischief *pour passer le tems*. But ha ! I see the colonel as large as life ; and I don’t think he is as much hurt as I apprehended when I gave him a gentle cast and dropped him on the road. I say, *who backs the merry castor ?*”

San Feliz was more frightened than hurt, and got quit for a slight bruise, and the tearing of his cloak, which the Guard aspirant had to replace. The apothecary, however, had the pleasure of making his visit, and of displaying his knowledge in the hardest possible terms : he talked of *dilating* the wound, which was a mere scratch : and assured his patient that the *epidermis* was not only *lacerated*, but that the *periosteum* was materially injured ; that it was possible it might induce inflammatory *symptomata*, and that *pus* (he was thinking of touching the purse) might form about the orifice of the wound ; he was, however, convinced that *exfoliation* would not ensue, and felt persuaded in his own mind, that with arduous attention and the application of a *cataplasma*, together with *sudorifics*, *cathartics*, *narcotics*, etcetera, his patient would very soon be convalescent : he was, on a *prima facie* examination of the case, of opinion, that *venesection* was indispensably necessary ; but as the colonel was averse to it, the *hirudo*, commonly denominated a leech, would have nearly as salutary an effect. After this learned discussion, at which young Greenlaw laughed immoderately, he went into

a wordy lecture upon accidents in general, and expatiated at large on the *prognosis* and *diagnosis* attendant on fractures, concussions, with many other matters too tedious to mention, which no one present, except himself, pretended to understand, and which it appeared doubtful whether he himself understood. All this passed at dinner, to which he was invited, and amazingly edified Lady Gertrude, who considered him as a very able man, from his scientific treatment of a paralytic poodle dog of her's; and she assured him, that he would make a fortune if he practised in London, as she doubted not but that her friend, Lady Louisa Manville, who had seventeen lap-dogs, would settle an annuity upon him; and as his skill in treating nervous affections would certainly procure him a great deal of practice among the ladies, whose affections of every kind required a great deal of doctoring.

The apothecary felt honoured;—her ladyship felt a return of her complaint, and had to take ether, opium, cordials, and carminatives. The Spaniard felt better; and the *soi-disant* doctor felt the impression of a sovereign in the palm of his hand, which amply repaid him for all the ridicule put upon him by the heir of Greenlaw Hall: so that, after applying the tonics of rich wines to his stomach, and swallowing a pound of venison, together with other viands, he made his bow, and mounted his cabriolet to gain the village, of which he was considered the Hippocrates.

By return of post, the glad tidings of Herbert Gascoigne's nomination to an ensigncy in the Coldstream arrived at Greenlaw Hall. Interest had been made for him long previous to his money's being lodged; for Lady Gertrude had carried on a secret correspondence on the subject with her friend Lord Morseman, whose application could not fail to suc-

ceed; for Lord Horseman had a voice in the cabinet, and although it was *vox et præterea nihil*, yet he would be heard; he had also a seat in the Upper House, where he was placed like an old fixture, and although neither useful nor ornamental, yet time and habit gave weight to him as a piece of patrician and senatorial furniture: he was, moreover, a great horseman, and had rode in company with royalty; and surely this was right and title enough to ask and to obtain a pair of colours for a young man of fortune;—but above all, he was a ministerial make-weight, and a fore-ground figure at levees and drawing-rooms, all stricken in years though he were; and this with his usual luck, decided the matter; so that young Greenlaw was to appear in the next Gazette, and was advised to come up to town with all despatch.

We shall for the present take leave of Lord Horseman, but shall return to him hereafter; and must now proceed to Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw's departure from the hall of his ancestors. The moment the packet from his lordship arrived, the old squire exclaimed, "Luck upon leather!" alluding to the great attachment which the worthy peer had to indescribables of that nature. All the bells were set *a*-ringing, as the rustics termed it; and all was in motion and preparation for the Guardsman elect's departure: which was rendered more propitious by the arrival of the Gazette on the following morning, when a lengthy cavalcade and procession formed the commencement of the youth's splendour and celebrity in life. A barouche and four posters led the van; dear self and Spanish Don, together with a favourite spaniel, inside passengers; luggage in abundance, and two livery servants in the seat behind. Next came a plain post-chaise with Monsieur Louis, the valet-de-chambre, and Vandundertrump,

a German incumbrance, who had been the youth's courier on the Continent, but who used to superintend the smoking establishment of his master, and who was rated as a Hookar Bedar in his household. This chaise was also heavily laden with a wardrobe, "*qui ne finit pas*," to use Monsieur Louis's expression. Then there were the dressing-utensils, as numerous, and nearly as expensive, as those of the handsome, thoughtless, and extravagant Tom Crux, or of his humble and obscure imitator, the pea-green Joey Ane. There were guns and pistols, saddlery and dog-collars, perfumery and patent medicines; a racing set of clothing, together with music-books and novels, plate and jewellery, &c. &c. The light mail with four-in-hand followed, *à petite journée*, but started simultaneously with the other vehicles for stage effect; led horses and a dog caravan brought up the rear. Forward was the word;—but we had nearly forgotten the adieu to the village.

The young squire had to take leave of the curate, the lawyer, the apothecary, and of a rustic beauty, of whom we shall hear more *à l'avenir*. The three former interested him but little, although he had a regard lingering in memory for the instructor of his youth;—had he been left to nature and himself, the latter would have cost him a pang; but he had been so highly polished by a maternal hand, that he felt above these sort of weaknesses, and only wondered how the girl could have got such a hold of his boyish affections, although she certainly was lovely; now, however, the lustre of coronetted charms (which *parfois* bring other coronets with them) hailed him in promise, and he was not to be thus thrown away. He therefore affected to smile as in scorn, as he wiped off the tear from her lids;—the heart, however, wavered for a while.

Emma, this fair rustic, as our hero then considered

her, has *un grand rôle* to play. A rose is always a rose, whether in the garden of a palace or in the wilderness ; its beauty and fragrance make it what it is, witness the *one* rose in the wilderness, which just served—

“To mark where a garden had been.”

Like such a flower was Emma ; we therefore advise our readers to keep their eye upon her.

CHAPTER II.

LES ADIEUX, LE DEPART, L'ARRIVEE.

“Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré tous leurs soins;
Ne diffèrent entr'eux que du plus ou du moins.”

BOILEAU.

THAT Herbert Greenlaw would have been a kind, generous, free, and warm-hearted man, had he followed simple nature, is doubtless ; but he was infected by that mania which ruins half the world, namely, the ambition of being something more than what we are ; the madness (and it may be accounted a disease) of acting some strange part in life's scene, which truth and nature never intended us for. One man, formed for mediocrity, but endowed with all the social virtues, must quit the plain and beaten path, in order to take up new ground, and to obtain that notoriety which is always dangerous to possess : one becomes an eccentric in dress ; another in his

appointments, house, equipage, horses, etcetera ; a third is born a blockhead, yet sacrifices his fortune to be thought a genius—such a man will subsidize a legion of starving authors, editors, reporters, puffers, and scriblers, with the view to obtain literary renown ; some men are poets and authors not only *par force* but *invita Minerva* ; some might be gentlemen, did they not become Nimrods and jockeys ; others were born honest, but avarice and company made them Greeks ; lastly, many who have begun by inheriting merely the frailties to which all flesh is heir, finish by making a noon-day exhibition of their vice and immorality, and ride triumphantly amid exposure and iniquity. Thus pleasure ruins one man ; pomp, or ostentation, undoes another ; simple vanity ensnares a third ; and the fashionable rage for gaming brings thousands to mendicity. Herbert Greenlaw was none of these ; but the desire of eclipsing his equals was the mania of his mind ; he burned with emulative ardour to stand high in fashion's ring ; and his weak, proud, and partial female parent, fanned the infant flame into a blaze, which threatened to consume his reason.

His, as we have already shown, was no quiet, modest departure of a young officer to join his regiment, placed snugly in the corner of a mail with his servant and baggage on the outside, as some were of our illustrious military men ; nay, the brave among the brave travelled, unassumingly, in a chaise and pair, or with four horses, if great despatch became necessary, or if a coronet made such a turn-out a matter of consistence :—his departure was a complete caravan—a display—a procession ; he would have the country know, that he had left it to a sense of its own wretchedness, that he had deprived it of his lights,—just as we see, in our spacious squares in the west end of the town, the blinking of a few solitary illu-

minators in the dull season, when rank and fashion are sojourning in the country, and have extinguished those lamps which mark the abode of elegance, leaving their closed-up mansions to fat somnolent porters, and to become the *rendezvous* of the sweet-hearts and other followers of Molly Housemaid, Kitty Kitchener, and the supernumerary domestics of splendid residences; and thus Herbert considered that his abstraction from the Hall and neighbourhood left them in total obscurity and *darkness visible*! At the Apothecary's and the Lawyer's door, our exquisite merely dropped his card, with *P. P. C.*; the parson he was obliged to endure for a few minutes: the honest man bestowed upon him his warmest and kindest good-wishes, seasoned with some advice, which, like a gratis prescription, was never followed; in conclusion, he (the Curate) said, "Heaven bless you, my dear Bob—I beg your pardon,—Mr. Herbert: you will find the officers a set of jolly dogs." The youth smiled indignantly,—“A pretty appellation for his Majesty's Guards!”—“Too fond,” continued the Reverend, “of their glass and their lass.” Another smile of pity,—“Glass, and lass! for the bibbers of champagne and tokay, and for the paramours of Right Honourables and protectors of the carriage ladies, the Pyrrhas and Aspasiae of the age!”*

“You must take care of yourself. I am an old man, and perhaps we may never meet again. Heaven protect thee!” Here his voice faltered, and Herbert felt an unwilling emotion, to smother which he almost stifled himself in a dose of snuff;—for the good man had just

“Touch'd a chord as soft and sweet,
As when the winds and harp-strings meet.”

* We do not mean the Age newspaper, but the age we live in.

A moment of silence elapsed ; Nature during that short interval assumed the command, and the young soldier cordially shook his preceptor by the hand, and bade him adieu with tenderness and sincerity.

There was now only one more taking leave to go through, to compass which the Guardsman nerved himself by a glass of *Marasquina*, and put his cigar in his mouth, thus to puff sorrow away : it was Emma whom he was to quit, and whom he had resolved to efface, if possible, from the tablets of memory. A maid so sweet, so simple, and so humbly born !—we will not here become sentimental and watery, like an old rake over his bottle, with arrack-punch and remembrance warring for dominion in his brain ; neither will we follow all the common novels of the day, dedicating our labours to boarding-school misses and disappointed spinsters, and launch into a lengthy portraiture of eyes and sighs, of fears and tears ;— suffice it to say, that our young hero had overcome the gentleness of his disposition, and remembered mamma's useful lesson, that “ feeling was not a word in Fashion's vocabulary ; and considered that it would be as vulgar to be affected by this separation from a rustic fair one, as it would be to weep at a tragedy, or to lay down the melting lines of impassioned poetry, while the reader might wipe off the dew of pity from the snowy eyelid. To feel, to take too deep an interest in any body or in any thing, is a practice quite exploded from the *beau monde* :—there is, however, a high and brilliant example to bear out very different conduct—the Star of Brunswick, whose warm, lucid rays diffuse every where gentleness and benignity around them. Our honoured and beloved Sovereign holds it not beneath the dignity of the monarch or the man, to sink into sympathetic softness at a tale of wo ; for of him it may well be said—

"He has a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day to melting Charity."

Herbert had been otherwise schooled, and he braved out the scene with apparent indifference ; and as he left Woodbine Cottage, he lighted up a second cigar, and muttered to himself—

"Fare the well ! and if for ever,
Then for ever fare thee well !"

The Colonel blew his cloud in a different direction, and the departure was effected with much *éclat* and ceremony. Round whirled the wheels, crack went the lash,—the leader postillion dashing on, and the wheeler looking skilfully round at times to ascertain that all was right ; the horses seeming in high courage, spirit, and order ; coats polished as a mirror, and groomed to a nicety ; traces tight as a cord just to its full extent, without too much pressure on its substance ; and the tits kept up to them without relaxing. Nor is the driving of four horses thus beneath the dignity of high life :—a good turn-out this way, cattle well matched, well driven, and stepping together, cheers the novice's heart. As the traveller thus started on life's high road, clouds of pulverised matter announced that the distinguished *voyageur* was likely, one day or other, to kick up a dust in the world ; in which some are destined to be covered with glory, some with honours, earned or forced upon them, and some merely by dust :—all this, however, is

"Non sine pulvere palmam."

At this time, mamma was theatrically clapping her hands, and exclaiming with delight at the idea of his bright career—

"My son, my son,—my beautiful, my brave!"

This was accented not in the language of Lady Randolph in maternal mourning, but in that of exultation at his approaching *début*; and she assured him at parting, that she would very soon follow him to town, and set the square where she resided in a blaze,—that fancy balls and splendid *soirées*, dress dinners and private masquerades, should succeed each other with such effect and rapidity as would fill the columns of all the morning papers, and bring him out in a style in which never youth had been brought out before: in the interim, she recommended him once more to study the Graces, and to spare no expense in acquiring a name in the corps in which he had the honour to serve. She advised him to give a number of gorgeous repasts, *lets off* as she termed them, which might even astonish the Guards, or at least prove to them that he had magnificent ideas, and had been bred up in luxury and profusion. "Ice all your wines," said she, "except your Madeira, banish humble Port from your board; dress your dessert with countless flowers and ornaments; purchase a princely service of plate of Rundell and Bridge; burn perfumes, *pastilles odoriferantes*, and leave nothing undone to entertain *en Seigneur*: expense shows the man: play little, but negligently, as if for a *passa tempo*, in order to comply with fashionable habits; seem always as if you never cared whether you lost or won; and do not let the making a present of a beautiful dog, or stylish snuff-box, a merchaume pipe, or a high priced horse, ever stand in the way of gaining a friend: such small acts of prodigality lead to praise and power, and they may be repaid tenfold by high connexions and a great match."

She ceased to speak, and here we may suppose our hero to be at the first stage of his journey. He

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was by this time tired of San Feliz ; he resolved to get rid of him : he became like a court favourite, or jester out of date : he had no more novelty : and his patron pretending to be obliged to go on business to a lawyer in the neighbourhood, and having to call at the country-seat of a cousin on the road, he advised the Spaniard to proceed onwards, put twenty pounds into his hand, and booked him *per mail coach*, saying to himself, "*Ainsi finit Phistoire :*" after this, he rested a few hours, and pursued his way, sporting a *solo* in the corner of his carriage.

On the third day, Herbert Greenlaw arrived in town, and it was time to decide to what hotel he was to drive. Long's was at first thought of ; for there there are long corks, long credit, and long bills ; there expensive dinners are given, which are as often paid for by the invited as the inviters—by what is vulgarly called afterclaps ; from thence the young Exquisite toddles *Bacchi plenus* to the Greek-hall, in St. James's Street, where he is cleaned out ; there private parties are named for an after-day, (perchance a trip to Richmond,) and the *riche monde* are made poor indeed !—from thence many a youth has made a bolt, and left *long* faces behind to add up his unsettled account, and carry it over to some prosperous Goldfinch who might take up his quarters ; from thence more than one lodger has been lodged in *banco regis* :—the very name of Long's gives a flourish to an *entrée* into town, and six weeks at Long's has drawn scores of dandies and Corinthians to that abode for the sake of notoriety and fame ; every thing there is *dans le dernier goût*, and there even a professor of the gastronomic science, *le Docteur Cuisinier*,* (as a French traveller called him,) could not complain of wines, or sauces, made-dishes, or

* Now no more.

foreign liquors. To Long's our hero was about to go; but he recollected that young Bramblewood had spoken well of the St. James's, and that the vicinity to the Palace would enable him to study the parade, to be at hand on court-days, and to see his brother officers on guard lounging their usual round, and nodding to fair dames smiling from their carriage-windows. To the St. James's he accordingly drove, while bowing and simpering waiters, active and officious porters, a respectful proprietor, and an admiring *profanum vulgus* hailed his arrival. The two carriages, bulky luggage, well and appropriately dressed attendants, augured well for a voluminous and correctly paid bill; and he was ushered into a handsome suite of rooms, and all due preparations made for his refreshment and *toilette*. A thought of home for an instant flashed upon his mind, but the Guards and a London life soon rubbed the impression off.

"Is Sir George Gamble in town?" inquired our hero.

"No, Sir; he is at the Oaks."

"And Lord Horseman?"

"Yes, Sir; he is just arrived."

"Has Mr. Bramblewood, of the Guards, been here lately?"

"Not very; he is still on the Tower-duty, but we hope to see him soon: he is a great customer of ours: he dined here the day before he went on duty, in company with Lord Clanerin and Lord Hoax, and a rare set of the very flowers of fashion—the primeest *bons vivans* of the day."

"Well done, Mr. Waiter!" said young Herbert to himself; "but pray who is on *garde*?"

"At the Life Guards?"

"No; of *the* Gardes."

"Oh! I don't know, indeed; and yet I passed

the tilt-yard this morning at guard mounting; but I observed Captain Lord Laurelworth, and two fine dashing subs on his arm—one of them was wounded at Waterloo, and the other is a youth just come from college—the son of a nabob, who makes the cash fly finely; I am sure you would like to know them.”

“I dare say I should—I am in the *Gardes* myself.”

The waiter made three bows—one for each regiment.

“I suppose,” resumed the new-comer—“I suppose I can have dinner by nine o’clock and a job carriage to take me for ten minutes to a couple of the theatres. To-morrow I shall send to the Acre for a vis-a-vis which I have ordered to be built; and no doubt there are plenty of bells open to kill a small hour, and pick up a good fellow for supper, at the expense of a few pieces of gold sacrificed at Pluto’s shrine.”

The waiter did not quite understand him; he, however, replied, “There is no person of the name of *Plato* who inhabits these parts. Mr. Crackpurse has a splendid establishment, near at hand, besides quite a palace about the Regent’s Park; and he travels with his traps about him, like Pidcock’s caravan, to Newmarket, and to all the races, and to all the places of fashionable resort; and such grand company frequent his house, that you might mistake it, some nights, for the House of Peers. There’s Lord Glenmuck is always there, and Lord Dormouse, and lots of grand officers, and other dandies. Mr. Crackpurse has made a fine thing of it; but then you see, Sir, you would require somebody to take you to his gold-fishery—it is counted a *club like*, in order to keep out informers and ruined blades, who are up to too much for ’em; and so you must be a *member* of the club, or else you cannot get in; and

I would not recommend you to go to the common hells, the rookeries and pigeon-holes, cobweb warehouses and fly-traps, where the Greek committee sits nightly. At Crackpurse's, if you are had, it is by *nobs*, men *who have* names,—

‘A local habitation and a name,’—

nobles, Knights of the Golden Fleece, grandees, and such company as that. My Lords and Gentlemen is a common phrase at Crackpurse's to the club. We have the first-rate club-houses in our neighbourhood—White's and Boodle's—to which, doubtless, you will belong, and perhaps to the Union; but then these, again, are quite different from, and superior to, Crackpurse's or the minor hells: these are houses frequented by the first of the land only—your first-rates, or *top-sawyers*, as Mr. Crackpurse would call them—statesmen and members of Parliament; and all there is regular, orderly, noble, and *comme il faut* (the waiter was quite *au fait*.) But I ask your pardon, Sir; pray what will you please to order for dinner?”

“Some turtle-soup, a chicken, turbot, or *vol-au-vent*, a roasted partridge, and some pine-apple fritters; ice my wine, and let my coffee be as strong as brandy, and as hot as Mr. Crackpurse's hell.”

“You shall be obeyed.”

“Will you dine in your apartments, or the coffee-room?” obsequiously asked another waiter.

“In my apartments; but I will just take a turn in the coffee-room, and may perhaps chance to pick up an acquaintance, for I hate to dine alone; but, I say, dress some beefsteaks for my dogs, and I will send them by-and-by to my mother's stables in the square, to be properly attended by some of my grooms who will arrive to-morrow.”

The waiter was struck with that respect which a long purse always produces on low minds,—but here he had to do with an officer and a gentleman, one well born and well bred, and what was to him most essential, well furnished with cash.

“Here,” concluded the gay militaire, throwing a flimsy at him, “take this hundred-pound note, and get me change for it.”

The waiter’s bow was one of his very best, and a very smart one it was. Off he flew, and returned *instantly* with the cash. Our hero, after two hours’ toilet, glided up and down the coffee-room for five minutes, struck his repeater, looked in the mirror, and cast an eye over the *Morning Post*, that chronicle of fashions, manœuvres, motions, and evolutions; that pleasant breakfast companion, which, instead of thundering party and prejudice, and of arguing and systematizing away the hour of idleness, puts a bill of fare of fashion before your eye, with a brief *résumé* of what is going on in the world, and points out to ease, elegance, and *oisiveté*, where to catch folly as she flies, where to indulge in the *rage du jour*, where to bend Fancy’s steps, and to join the gay throng! Polished Post! thou art the guardsman’s and the gentleman’s delight, ay, and the gentlewoman’s also. Does a mind bent upon pleasure, or a heart panting after fashion, wish to indulge in the gall of invective, to feed upon the spleen of the *outs*? Can a man going on guard, or off to Tattersal’s, amuse himself with the distress of Ireland, the ruin of the country, suffering manufacturers, or the national establishment, the weight of taxes, or, (a massive article) the corruption of the times? Certainly not. It was said in a periodical, a year or two ago, of which we forget the name, that the *Morning Chronicle* was a gloomy representation of the day; that the *Old Times* had altered; that the *New Times* had erred.

both in time and place ; that the Star had set, and that there was nothing new under the Sun. As to myself (the author speaks in *propria persona*), I respect them all, provided I be not forced or bound to read them ; but, in the name of the Guards and Co., I proclaim the Morning Post as the *Direction Post* to the road to town felicity, as the indicator of where and to whom to go in the gay season of London.

So thought Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw, ensign in the Coldstream Regiment of Guards ; and he read with undivided interest—"Lady Legerdemain's card party on every Sunday in Lent ; the Countess of Carikill's concert on four successive Sundays ; Sir Robert Runion's dinner party on the first of the ensuing month," etc. etc. etc. Then the advertisements, by which one may meet with so many desirable things. But these had no value with our young hero ; and when he came to—"Wants a place, an active young man, who is willing to be employed in any domestic capacity," he cried, *nonsense !* and turned over the leaf—"Connubial happiness !!!" Ah, let us look at that. But, upon a nearer view, it turned out to be nothing but a *drug !* Thus do things go under false colours. He then proceeded to—"Farm-houses, villas, parks, and manors to let ;" as also, advertisements for an agreeable partner, not only in a post-chaise or for a journey to the North, but for a partner for life, and for a sleeping partner in an advantageous trade or concern.* The houses and villas were to be let with or without furniture ; the manors were to be let as the *manners* of the mercenary are, to the best bidder ; and the advertising partners were to be disposed of with or without

* We beg our marrying friends' pardon for confounding sleeping and other partners in trade and wedlock together ; but as there are wife-hunters, who make a trade of it, and which generally turns out a bad concern, we hope we may be allowed the assimilation.

either. The reader of the article was for having them *let alone*. He next came to Military Promotions, and here ended the paper.

CHAPTER III.

A DROPPER IN AND THE DEBUT.

“Qui brille au seconde rang, s'eclipse au premier.”
FRENCH PROVERB.

As the young Guardsman was adjusting the curls on his forehead, and settling his well-tied cravat, he heard a weak, silvery, yet well-bred voice, inquire a little fastidiously of the waiter, who were the present inmates of the hotel; and he addressed the varlet thus:—

“Wai-ter,” (syllabling the word,) “is there any body here, that any body knows?”

“Why, yes, Sir! there is Lord Rosemary, but he is to quit us for the North this evening; and there is Mr. Barnsley Allrose, son to the Rev. Mr. Allrose; and there is Samuel Barnsley Harman, and a young gentleman of immense property, who is just come to join the Guards, Herbert Gascoigne Greenlaw, Jun., Esq., of Greenlaw-Hall, in Northumberland, and of Chalk-Castle, in Yorkshire, and of the Home, in Derbyshire; whose father married Lord—I forget his name’s daughter; he is a mighty elegant youth.”

The gentle inquirer walked in the coffee-room and took his seat; his face was pleasing and intelligent; his eyes had flashed with wit, as his tongue had been

the vehicle of repartee ; he had the remains of the high dressed man grafted on something rakish ; but all was now broken and made up ; a mass of sickly composure, gilded over by extreme urbanity. He was a man that the ruffian (and there are ruffians of high degree) would have laughed at, but one whom the gentleman (a being composed of sensibility, discrimination, and polished manners,) would have made place for. And here the young Guardsman did not belie the noble blood of his maternal line, nor the true genuine honourable feelings of the independent, loyal, and patriotic country gentleman, from whom he sprang on the paternal side of the house. An exchange of snuff-boxes made them acquainted ; and with some little persuasion, the young man, who was enchanted with the stranger's conversational talents, and his thorough knowledge of the world, prevailed upon him to partake of his dinner.

After ordering a second partridge, and an *omelette soufflée* to be added to the bill of fare, the invitation was accepted in a manner "nor bashful nor obtrusive." The acceptor was no adventurer, but a man of rank who had survived his fortune ; and he knew the donor to be fit company for any class in polished life. It is now time to satisfy our reader who may ask us "quo nomine gaudet ? and to tell the dropper's-in name, ere we touch upon Barnaby Allrose, and Samuel Barnsley Harman, Esqrs. The dropper-in was Sir Lumbago Shuffleton, Baronet, a beau of the old school. He was a scholar, a dangler, and a dancer ; the most spirited masquerade character of his day, and as devoted to dress as ever the ex-king of the dandies was in his sunny hour. He was fanciful as a fair lady, but then genius and fancy met and combined in his composition. He could make pretty verses, and write pretty plays ; and, perhaps, no better judge could be consulted on dramatic mat-

ters, and on affairs of *bon goût*. Sir Lumbago was a great favourite in his day. He was looked for at all the best parties, and would have been missed if absent from the Sunday park and gardens at the close of the spring. He was also a most welcome morning caller, and a pleasant neighbour at the lengthy dinners in high life; for he was diffuse and fluent in speech, without sameness; nor did the variety of his conversation arise from foolish or malicious invention; neither was he a collector of scandalous anecdotes, which some fashionables deal in, in order to gratify one acquaintance at the expense of another. There are men (males, we ought to say, for the male and the man differ often very widely)—there are things in male attire, and serene-looking princes and private gentlemen, who go down the line of fashion, like adjutants on parade, collecting the reports of each company with which they are connected; culling the pestiferous breathings of the blighting insinuation or the slanderous-killing “*on dit*.” These monsters are every where tolerated, and, in many places, raised to the seat of preference; but Sir Lumbago was none of these—his sallies of wit were mingled with good-humour, his jokes were sportful, his anecdotes entertaining. Yet now, alas! lacking the Peruvian dust which gilds the passport into society, he is forgotten by his contemporaries, and neglected by his *quondam soi-disans* friends: his budget of former good things wants revival, and his coachmaker and tailor want faith. It would suit many palates, and many readers, to serve up a dish of irony to this *ancien chevalier’s* cost, to sneer away his former fame, and scoff at his altered fortunes; but that shall never be our task, nor would a work entitled “*The Guards*” be worthy of the name which bespeaks the soldier and the man of honour, if it lent itself to the vile purposes of insulting age or adversity

—of whispering away fair reputation, or of exciting a blush upon female cheeks, or raising a sigh in dear woman's sensitive bosom. Be it always remembered, that Sir Lumbago's first act in life was to discharge the debts of an honoured father, to whom the Baronet was a dutiful son : here he became first encumbered, and, as Fashion's wheel turned round, his resources were insufficient to follow the rapid and continuous motion—the Jews offered assistance, and shortly he became more and more involved, until he was beaten off the field of extravagance, and forced to retire to the shade, probably for life. It will, however, still be found, that wherever he drops in as a visiter, or a guest, he will prove himself a second Chesterfield in politeness, and with a much better heart.

As Sir Lumbago had been the companion of the foreground figures of the *Tableau de Londres* of another date, he touched, during dinner, upon the Guards of his time,—the handsome Colonel Gr—v—r, now an old General—the celebrated northern Marquis, now commanding a national regiment—the equally hard-drinking Lord R—o, the L—xes, the Bl—t—res, and other noble lords grow. grave and gray, as well as half a hundred departed or ruined heroes, not forgetting the Life Guards of that time, when the British Anacreon, Morris, who, *parfois*, is a better poet, used to sing his own songs with admirable effect ; and when the fantastical D—s—n—y used to play off all the eccentricities of dress and behaviour which marked the season of his celebrity :—these were all very amusing, but our hero, required the life, adventures, and vagaries of the new school. Here the Baronet was at a fault, so that coffee and liqueur, whether *noyau* or *parfait amour* matters not, were ordered at eleven o'clock, and the *duo* separated.

A job carriage had been waiting a full hour to carry young Herbert to a couple of theatres ; but the multifarious fascinations of the fair chanter of " I've been roaming" and " Cherry ripe" so riveted his admiration, that he sojourned at the one theatre until the curtain dropped, looking anxiously at a certain gay youth who handed her to her carriage, the Guard recruit wishing that the word *vester* might be changed into *noster*.

" Are you quite well to-night?" said a professional friend.

" Oh, yez," replied she, in such a languishing cadence, that the sound vibrated in the ears of our hero even in the hours of sleep ; there was so much in this " Oh, yez !" that he could not get it out of his brain. Yes, in itself, is a sweet word coming from smiling lips : it is the flattering and gratifying monosyllable of assent ; it is the crier's prefatory address when he has goods on hand, valuables to dispose of, and the like ; and what goods and valuables can be more (we will not say marketable) desirable than beauty ? Then, again, this Oh, yes ! was softened into yez,* the z being thrice as soft as the s ; and lastly, as it was done *scherzando*, it would have great effect.

At the conclusion of the scenic performance, our hero retired to his hotel, and took the waiter's advice of not mingling in promiscuous play ; and in the morning when his valet asked if he should order breakfast, the master was very near answering " Oh, yez !" the word springing involuntarily, inserted in

* Those who are acquainted with this magnet, and particularly her theatrical companions, will recognise her sportful manner of accenting the word, together with divers other enchantments in every thing which she says or does—(Remark, ye critics, that we speak merely as an amateur.) Such power has this performer over the heart, that we are assured that a pedant of fifty years old, the least inflammable-looking materials imaginable, and who came up from Cambridge per coach purposely to see this lady, exclaimed, as he left the theatre, " Si mea cunctis vestris valuissem vota."

a page of the Pleasures of Memory, as soon as the *Chocolata*, which he learned to drink from his Spanish associate, was removed; and after he had nearly eaten the wing of a *poulet en marinade*, and tossed about a few prawns, he took up the Post, and there saw the arrival of a brother *Elegant* in the Guards, from Brighton, at the Clarendon. He accordingly got pen, ink, and paper, and invited him to dinner: the answer was brought back by one of his footmen, declining the invitation, but proposing that Herbert should dine on guard with his friend, when he would have an opportunity of introducing him to a number of his brother officers. He at the same time announced to him the felicitous tidings of his having to kiss hands for his appointment, and of his having been in orders for guard. Shortly after, a comely orderly, with the Waterloo medal glittering on his breast, brought the orderly book for his inspection; and as he smiled contentedly on seeing his name beside that of an honourable Commoner on the same duty, he gave the orderly a sovereign to drink his health, and sent for Stultz to take his measure, and to make his regimentals with all possible speed.

A moment's attention, gentle and fashionable reader! We are well aware that the eye of criticism may be here upon us: we know as well as our severe observer, that officers are not put on guard until they have been fitted for parade; we have been drilled ourselves, and are not ignorant of the Adjutant's instructions, together with the incipient duties of officer-recruits; but we suppose these matters to be got over; they would not much amuse our civil perusers,—much less the ladies, whose approbation will ever be of the highest value in our eyes; and we therefore hope that we shall be pardoned for this trifling deviation from ordinary *routine*, and for this solitary instance of not keeping in view the unities of

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time and place. Our old favourite companion Horace, who knew a thing or two in his day, tells us very broadly that

—"Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas."

And if "*Pictoribus atque poetis*," why not *Auctori-bus*?—for the author requires his latitude, as well as the painter and the poet.

A first dinner with the Guards! How attractive to one of the corps! how desirable, indeed, to any one! "Well!" thought our hero, "I am only known to my friend and to Bramblewood in the Brigade;" and he considered that it would not be amiss to be seen a little previous to the dinner-hour. His cavalcade had arrived, and he could drive four-in-hand up and down St. James's Street, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, May Fair, (where dwelt the fair songstress of the night before,—her whose lips give a better idea of "*Cherry ripe*," than all the miserable rest of the ballad, which would come to nothing were it not for

"Becks and winks and wreathed smiles,
Such as lurk on Hebe's cheek.")

He would thus be seen by the Guards on and off duty; they might recollect the person so driving, with two grooms behind him, and half a dozen handsome dogs; and this might pave the way to a distinguished reception. He might, at the same time, make a morning call, and look in at Tattersal's; and after that appear on horseback, on an Arabian, followed by a thorough-bred gray, with a pedigree as long as that of Bourbon or Braganza. He had, however, a letter to write to his mother; but whilst that was going on, his vehicle was ordered to be in

waiting at the door ; and his riding horses were also in attendance.

The Guards heeded them naught : scarcely an aristocratic eye was turned that way, and the

“ *Vulgi stante corona* ”

alone marked that riches and novelty were there !

Five o'clock struck when the youth took the ribbons and mounted the box : he was alone ; and as he double-thonged a wheeler at the top of St. James's Street, he heard one Guardsman say to another, “ Who the devil have we got here ? ” (Answer.) “ Some rich citizen's son from College, or some better-born greenhorn pitching it strong to court notoriety.”

He was mortified : but he was cheered in Piccadilly by coachees and cads.—“ My eyes, Jack ! here's a fresh *swell* ! He cuts it fat, so help me Bob ! ”—“ Strike me flat if he does'nt do the thing genteel ! four rare prads and a gallows pretty *vater-spaniel* ! all spick and span *noo*, too ! He has got the shiners, I'll answer for it. I say, Jacky, good luck to him ! I likes the cut of his gib, and the square of his *elburs*. I should be proud to be his head-coachman or stud-groom, so help me ! ”

For a few seconds vanity intoxicated the man—

“ He seems to nod, affects the God,”

and fain would he have been the out-and-outer king of low company ;—but a second thought drew him from the turf and stable *swell*, and he drove off with other feelings, and speedily returned to his hotel, with the Guards, and nothing but the Guards, in his mind :—so did the *esprit du corps* operate on his mind

at that early period of being identified with the corps.

He must now prepare for dinner, and there he wished to lead, to rise superior to officers in general joining their regiment. He dressed elegantly, had a valuable antique on his finger, a diamond of high price in the bosom of his cambric under-garment, a glass round his neck, although he saw better without it, a costly snuff-box in his pocket; and his Hookar Bedar was to call at the hour when he thought that a military party might resort to smoking, with a magnificent hookar, an amber pipe, a gold tube, and a beautiful enamelled box of Havannah cigars. He had now to prepare his conversation: Mamma had made him cut Greek and Latin, to study heraldry, and to get the peerage by heart. He had all the branches of noble families, their bearings, distances, connexions, and adventures, at his fingers' ends. He had the Racing Kalendar also by rote. He had been long enough in Paris to talk of all its follies, vanities, and amusements. Of London he had seen but little; but he had the names of all the vocal and instrumental performers of the Opera in remembrance; he knew the whole *corps du ballet* by name; spoke scientifically of the *Coryphée*; could draw comparisons betwixt Paris and London; could talk at length of the vocal and saltatorial abilities of the Ballatore e Ballatrice; discuss affairs of opinion on this head; weigh in the scale of taste and fashion the merits of a Ronzi di Begnis and a Garcia; of a Pasta (and an admirable Pasta it is), as a standing dish of gusto, an accomplished and refined performer in her powerful art; could throw in his dues of admiration to a Brocard and a Buron, and join in a laugh against poor Velluti, so hardly rubbed in "The Age," and caricatured with his female chorus-singers in the print-shops. He was quite as familiar with the nick-

names of *Chalk Farm** for certain boxes, as if he had been *un habitué*, and straight took up his station there. True, all this would have made him a demi-god in any of His Majesty's line regiments, and he expected that it would, at least, have procured him a value far above par in the *Gardes*; but alas! he was mistaken, as we shall see. At this moment behold his Guard-friend arrives, the carriage drives up, and both personages start for a Guard-dinner;—" *Bon appétit, mes amis.*"

CHAPTER IV.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—HUMILIATION.—RETURN HOME.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is naught but leather and prunella."

POPE.

HERBERT GREENLAW was kindly received by his brother officers, but without warmth: this commodity is not of town make; it is an inhabitant of the country; it pitches its tent, or bivouacs, where the hardships of a *campagne* (so called now, campaign being obsolete) draw comrades nearer together, and convince them of the comfort and necessity of union,

* We presume that we need not tell our readers that the two stage-boxes on each side of the pit tiers are thrown into double boxes, and are let to a number of noble blades, who *step in* there to admire *insteps*. The chalk which they receive from pretty feet and from feats of agility, has given the name above mentioned: this is perhaps in imitation of the Roman style,—*Pulverem Olympicum collegisse juvat*.

was always known by the name of La Flandre Autrichienne in former times, and when under the yoke of the house of Hapsburg; just as Dunkirk, Grave-lines, Lisle, &c. &c. were designated La Flandre Française,) and which had the memorable battle of Waterloo, or of Mont St. Jean as the French call it, for its grand finale. This *réunion des braves*, which thus occurred *par hasard*, had all been engaged in the campaigns in question, either in or out of the Guards, (some having purchased since); and it was more than probable, it was natural, at a military dinner above all things, that they should have thus conversed: at a mixed assemblage not one would, even when the wine went briskly round, have fought all his battles o'er again,—

“ And thrice (have) routed all his foes,
And thrice (thus) slew the slain ;”

but here discourse might naturally run almost entirely on the seat of war, military tactics, the two last wars, the politics of the Continent, the conduct and views of the belligerent and other powers. In the course of these discussions, French and Spanish were spoken; and two officers in particular, a Guardsman and a visiting most intelligent artillery officer, displayed much science, and a very superior education. At this moment young Greenlaw would have felt a very painful inferiority, and might have regretted the waste of time on vanity and baubles, had not the pride of Lady Gertrude come in to his aid. He was now about to disrelish the corps, when, fortunately, a young ensign, who hid a yawn in a scented handkerchief, started the subject of crim. cons., elopements, and *faux pas* in high life. Here young Herbert could listen with attention, and even put in a word occasionally. Touching on Sir

Jacobus Horsley, the Lieutenant said to the Ensign, "My dear Hervey, I wonder that you can be so blinded by former habits of friendship, contracted with this *triste chevalier* at college, as to pity him for what is the work of his own hands. His wife is as handsome as a star, and required good looking after; Jacobus was always a weak and vain creature at the university, and he has not improved since. He is one of the many blockheads in the first circles who think that they may run wild the race of gallantry and voluptuousness, yet keep their wives chaste at home; who hug to their souls the unction of self-confidence, and imagine that their intrigues and *amours* must either be ignored, or tolerated by their *cara sposas* whilst their happy partners have to sing affectionately, and like wedded simpletons,

'But if you dishonour my truth and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you?
Oh! no, my love, no!'

It is, indeed, 'no, my love, no!' but in a very different sense of the word. Now Sir Jacobus has had the pride and folly to confide his *égaremens* to his bottle companions, and the defendant was as well acquainted with them as any one. Did not a departed peer, whose eagle-winged genius imposes silence on his name, undermine his domestic happiness by counting his former adventures to Madame, and by leaving her to be convinced that he considered incontinence as a *peccadillo* in a husband, but as an unpardonable *peccato* in a wife? nay, he did not take the pains to act up to the old Italian adage, which tells us that

'Peccato celato
E la meta perdonato;'

for he, as well as the poor gentleman with the long

list of names, took no pains at all to throw the veil of concealment over his conjugal transgressions. I remember, also, a vain old would-be Adonis, the joint proprietor of a certain extinguished newspaper, a sharer in a certain theatre, and a transatlantic placeman, not forgetting his being a lawyer and a democrat: this aged *imbecile*, after marrying a blaze of youth and beauty, used to fill up his leisure and *tête-à-tête* hours with his amatory pursuits in his youth, and to introduce a harlequin family to his rib. The consequence of which was, that a certain diplomatic lord stepped in and won the lady's affections, leaving her afterwards to infamy and a separation without law, form, or ceremony; and was the remote cause of her broken heart and wandering mind; for, after acting with a company of strolling players, she suddenly disappeared from life's page, nor is the cause or manner of her death satisfactorily accounted for.—I know not," continued the speaker, "which to despise the most, the weakness or wickedness of such husbands."

The men of war were in *committee* at one corner of the table, whilst the men of pleasure were thus conversing at the other. Colonel St. George (the name is borrowed, nor could one be found dearer to an Englishman's heart) and Captain Howitzer had just defeated the French army at Talavera, when this little sally of morality attracted them; it was rare at a Mess-table, and it arrested their attention.

"That the *cornuto* should get no pecuniary satisfaction does not surprise me," added the moralizing Lieutenant; "because he did not come into court with clean hands; and the *exposé* must have cut him to the quick! but, nevertheless, it was too bad in one so well received in his house, *l'ami de la maison*, an intimate, as one may say, to act thus treacherously!"

"Why, my dear fellow!" affectedly lisped out a young lobster, who, by his youth and size, looked

more like a lobster's claw, "it is quite evident that he felt at home—he could not take such a liberty with a stranger."

A general laugh terminated this topic:—so does it often occur that unprincipled habits become familiar, and pass off under a flash of wit, a flourish of rhetoric, or a plausible exterior. The apologist (if such he was in earnest) of vice, although extremely young, possesses a lively imagination, quick repartee, and a vein of humour, dangerous both to the speaker and the hearer, and yet the heart seems to be good. At Eton he was a wit—what he may be *plus tard*, we venture not to say, nor will we give either a nickname or his initials, or cipher, assured that he will never be a cipher in society, and hoping that his off-hand talent will not make him forget merits more intrinsic.

The night was wearing away, and it is not in town as at out-quarters, that the mess-table is the only resource; clubs, hells, and other places, open their doors to the officer on duty, if within his limits, where they very artfully and very conveniently are placed; whilst the visiter has the theatres, the "At-homes," the quadrille parties, private play, and other private concerns, to fill up the remnant of his waking hours. A vast improvement has taken place since "the bottle, (*which*) gives us a glimpse through the gloom," was the only resource of the officers on duty; and since the Horse Guards used to be the scene of abominable nocturnal orgies and great expense, when staggering Subs might be picked up upon the pavement, or their pockets picked at the gaming-tables of Pall Mall and St. James's Street. Hard drinking is everywhere declining in high life, both civil and military; and we wish that our dashing blades of the day would decline all the other dangerous temptations which come in their way. Should the term *blade* appear unseemly, or too familiar for

his Majesty's Guards, we beg leave to remind them ; that it is only as a *nom de guerre* ; that there is a variety of *blades*,—polished *blades*, pointed *blades*, well-tempered *blades*, keen-edged or sharp-set *blades*, gentle *blades*, and peaceable *blades*, such as do for chimney-ornaments, or militia-musters : and we leave to the gallant Guards to select the denomination which best suits them : the two first, we are sure, belong to them ; and we trust that, in perusing our humble pages, the temper will be equal to the polish.

The party now broke up. Our young hero was but half pleased ; he did not feel so great as he expected, but he considered that he should rise in time, and, when Lady Gertrude's opening her house for the season took place, his comrades, no doubt, would be too happy to flock to her standard, which would give him a great elevation among his compeers. No one knew better than her ladyship how to render her parties both effective and attractive : she had the talent of pairing her guests, of inviting those who liked to meet, of allocating them together in quadrilles, at card-tables, and at supper ; of pressing the old Paul and Paulina Pry's so as to fix them at the *Board of Green Cloth*, or in a corner at a concert, so that happy nymphs and happy swains might be alone in the multitude, and be disengaged from the toils of a waltz, or an *ecarté*, whilst capering misses and saltatorial beaux might be on the floor of admiration as much as they pleased. Nor was all this manœuvring the effect of dissipated manners, or self-interest ; she was neither a raker at the gaming-table, nor a convenience to her illustrious visitors ; it was merely a *tact* which she possessed, and by which she filled her house with the first company, and emptied her husband's coffers with the greatest despatch ; it also gained her popularity, and, as she

thought, paved the way to the future greatness of her son.

Cheered with the prospect of her arrival, her darling son supported the *ennui* of his evening, and retired to rest, but not until he had gone contrary to the advice of not playing at common hells; (Mr. Crackpurse's is an uncommon Pandemonium, nay, ranks, as we have already heard, as a Club-like.) At one of these, after losing his loose gold, he gave a check upon Coutts's bank for a hundred pounds; this brought all the locusts around him; it augured admirably for the birds of prey; and although our hero had no taste for gaming, no inveterate itch for the rattling of dice and the turning up of cards, still did he not quit the scene until he eased himself of five hundred sterling.

We cannot help wondering how men of sense and of family can risk whole fortunes in the most promiscuous and worst of company; yet so it is. A certain amiable Duke had this rage in days of yore, and paid for just *peeping* into these sinks of perdition. The gains of these minor concerns, although no way comparable to the Crackpurse establishment, may be somewhat guessed at when we recollect that one gaming-table keeper (now no more) ushered his son into an estate, a seat in Parliament, and the highest army rank; and when we refer to the worthies not very long ago sent to the Bench, and whose tenacity prevented one of them from paying the penalty, which would have been a bagatelle to him.

Morning and vapours, head-ache and heartsickness, brought Herbert Greenlaw to his hotel; but his powerful ally, pride, brought him out of the scrape again. "D—n the money!" exclaimed he, "it is nothing, after all. I will never go among these rascals again, but live more with my brethren the Guards, and always play in good company. I must

confess that, all dull as it was to me, I should have been safe with the officers of my regiment, among whom I met with nothing but talent, good-breeding, rational conversation, and what I prize most, *le ton de la bonne compagnie, et l'usage du monde.*" With these words he fell asleep.

The sound of drums and fifes awakened him : this was succeeded by the martial music of a first-rate military band—it was that of the Guards, and he had intended to be an observing spectator of the parade. But the gaming-table overturns all order and duty ; and we doubt if the man devoted to *rouge et noir*, to the turning up of a Knave, (and all knaves deserve to be *turned-up* another way,) a King, or Queen, can be faithful to any engagement. The King would be ill served by such victims of infatuation ; and the Queen of Hearts might plead to them in vain ; whilst her Majesty of Diamonds would find her property in jeopardy, if intrusted to such subjects. Club-law might have some effect upon these club gentry ; and when the Spade came to perform its last duty, it would cast dust upon degraded remains, whose eyes had been blinded through life by the glittering dust of avarice, and the golden tide, which allures, but never satisfies the thirst of an ancient or a modern Tantalus. Our hero dressed, ordered breakfast, received a letter from his lady mother, and remembered that he was for guard next day. *La chocolata* seemed tasteless ; strong coffee offered a stimulus to his nerves ; he added to it a glass of *Curaçoa* ; it heated, but relieved him not ; and at this fatal moment the sweet form and sad *souvenir* of Emma seemed to flit before his eyes. " Shall I write to her ? Certainly yes. Am I worthy of her ? Oh ! no. But she is too humbly born, and would obscure my bright passage through fashionable life."

The waiter entered, and it was a momentary re-
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lief; the guilty or wavering mind, unable to support itself, flies to any foreign object to draw it from itself.

"By the way, waiter," said our *Élégant*, "you said something the day before yesterday to Sir Lum-bago about the inmates of the hotel:—who are Mr. Barnaby Allnose, and Samuel Barnesley Harman, Esquire?"

"Why, Sir, the latter gentleman is a fine, regular out-and-outer; one who cares not a pin for money; a monstrous handsome young fellow, and up to every thing: he has spent two fortunes already, and was *nigh* (a common term for near) being married to an heiress a few months ago; but he and his friend, who were to have taken off the young lady, fell short of cash on the road, and so the matter dropped off altogether, and there was a great change of situation: the parents shut up Miss, and the friends who were to have borne off the lady came home on the outside of a *day-coach*: however, this gentleman has so many resources, that there's no doubt but he has got a third fortune; and some say that he has got a very rich widow in tow. All I know is, that he lives here like a prince, and never looks at his bills."

The waiter was only half informed:—he had many resources, but, like the strength of a beaten pugilist, they did not come *to time*. Before his marriage he was whitewashed, and his wife's fortune was so tied up as not to be a tangible article; he however set sail again, and got on shore, but was got off this time by a bankruptcy; and after a little more skirmish-ing, went off altogether, and left a different name at the hotel from that which the talkative waiter gave him to young Greenlaw.

"The other gentleman," continued he,—
"(Coming, coming, Sir!) is a man of great family and abilities—a scholar, a poet, and a great travel-

ler ; he is the grandson of a Lord, and his father is high up in the Church ; and the great folks like him most amazingly, both for his wit and information : he, too, knows well how to live, and spares no expense."

In two or three days our hero heard a very different story from an elderly officer in his regiment, who gave him much information and good advice, the last of which he never took. The classical and able Barnaby had received an excellent education, and it had not been thrown away upon him ; in fact, he had done more for himself than his preceptors, or even his travels : but as to the fortune and the pedigree, the poetical vein, and the high esteem of the great, it was embroidery upon canvass. His race was partly Judaical and partly Hibernian ; or, as a wag observed, he was begotten betwixt a hautboy and a Jew's harp. His grandmamma was a Jewish actress, born, we believe, at Gibraltar : his grandpapa bore a name that smelt of the tribes of Judea, but he became ennobled and bore a title ; he however forgot to marry grandmamma, and thus she had no right or title to the Right Honourable. Papa was not born in wedlock, but was sent to school and college, and was accounted a bright scholar. He married a public singer, whose papa played the hautboy, or clarionet, at the head of a militia band : and when the conjugal noose was found a restraint, he broke his marriage, motived on nonage and the not having arrived at the years of discretion. His church promotion is lucrative ; it was purchased, and is somehow or other made over to his creditors, whilst the Reverend travels about on the Continent, like a wandering Jew, and is the pillar of all *tripots* in Paris and elsewhere. He once was at the head of one in London, and the proprietors have still to regret the period. Mr. Lafolie, now an in-door lodger in a certain

house over the water, paid dearly for his acquaintance, from his kind offer of discounting his bills. Poor Lafolie is the descendant of a banker: it is, therefore, hard to be *in Banco* where he is. Father and son have no connexion; and the latter has many good points which the father lacks very much. As to poetry, Barnaby certainly wrote a thing or two in verse, so heavy that, had it been lead, it really might have had some price; as it is, *n'en parlons plus*. And as to the countenance of the great, his own good-natured countenance, good person, and showy manners, have gained him many friends. He has sense, he is a classic, and has discrimination, the want of which would ruin a statesman, and much more an adventurer:* these always make him respectable and bear him up, and are the cause of his being most comfortably domesticated in the North, where he lives apparently free and independent, but with nothing but his good humour to feed and clothe him,—like Michael Cassio, the drunken lieutenant.

But it is time to return to young Greenlaw; for, as *we* say in French, *Je reviens toujours à mes moutons*. This day passed in a round of visits, or rather of card-leaving, and was terminated by his dining with his friend on guard in the Tower:—the next day, happy event! he was for guard.

* Mr. Barnaby, after glittering in the West in a most creditable way, —for who so creditable as those who have numerous creditors and long winded credit?—took up a position in St. George's in the East, and gave his creditors a draft in full of all demands on Lord Redesdale.

CHAPTER V.

ON GUARD.—PRIDE FURTHER WOUNDED.

“His stubble beard shone like a field at harvest home :
Besides he was perfumed like a milliner !”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE gay and graceful youths who have had the fatigue of rising at seven o'clock A. M. after going to bed at four A. M., with the view of accomplishing a *toilette soignée* at or before ten, in order to be in time for *garde*, will understand and pity the trouble and anxiety of our military novice, who had this arduous task to perform. A scarlet coat (put on for the first time *only*,) requires much more adjusting than any other ; a young officer wishes to be all the dandy, yet to have a certain *martial hair* (as the London drill-sergeant calls it) ; his clothes spic and span new, have unequalled lustre, yet he must try not to seem like a recruit : an epaulet is a weighty matter in a greenhorn Ensign's mind ; it must not hang like a swab dingle dangle in front, so as to make a young gentleman narrow-chested even if this be the only gold or silver which he has in, or on his *chest*) ; it must not be thrown too far back, so as to leave a *plenum vacuum in the front*, and to cause the officer to pass for a *mere* soldier, or rather for a non-commissioned ; it must be so dexterously managed as to exhibit the officer and the gentleman in front and rear, and to render his shoulders square, broad, and well-proportioned, giving to the chest a fine ex-

panded appearance. Touching the breast, there are two decided opinions, and they are tenaciously held and disputed, betwixt the Cavalry and Infantry, horse, foot, and dragoons ; and betwixt the French models and the Prussian copyists :—the point, too, is very important ; therefore may we be allowed to dilate a little on it, because dress is next to address. The one mode is to thrust forth the pulmonic case, *i. e.* the bosom, like that of a pouting pigeon's, (and *pigeons* have very often cause to pout) : this arrangement gives a fine contrast to the pinching in of the waist, and it is possible that by it a young fellow may be considered as a being with a spacious enlarged heart ; but then the fact is, that this is better suited for the lancer or hussar, than for the heavy dragoon or infantry officer, because the *aiguillette* and gold or silver cord, together with the rest of the body harness of the former, and the braidings, buttons, furs, loose drapery, and pelisse of the latter, require something to play upon ; and when the pouting pigeon-breast is well bespangled and belaced, it looks like a noblewoman's pincushion, studded all over by her jewels. *Per contra*, (errors excepted) a broad flat expanse, terminated by a pair of epaulets, shows rank and strength together—“ *Union et force* ;” and there is no need for putting the infantry officer *to a pinch*, as the lancer and light cavalry men are, and swelling out the contrasted conclusion of the figure, so as to make it resemble a Dutch toy. The well-dressed Guardsman comes down rather more square to the centre ; and, when he *acts upon the square*, “ *All's well*” through life's campaign. These matters duly taken into consideration, the sash became the next object of tasteful tying, and, after three *coups d'essai*, it was done in a masterly manner. The gorget was next to be centrally situated on the pectoral promontory, and the French valet de chambre kept up

a quarter of an hour's disputation upon this point: unfortunately for time, Monsieur de la France had served in Napoleon's army; and although he had been beaten with it in the Peninsula, yet he held all other troops very cheap. At length he was permitted to place the *hausse-col*, muttering, "*La guerre, l'honneur, notre Empereur, et nos militaires,*" in a dozen forms, during which *vacant* interval the English footman swore at him *in sotto voce*, coloured up, and frowned at him with all his might, and whispered something between his teeth about *serving him out* if he set up any of his French *airs*; which, doubtless, if carried into practice, would have put Monsieur's *pipe out*.

'Twas strange, but not less true, that young Greenlaw, though distant and haughty with all his other servants, was talkative and familiar with his foreign attendants. He had picked up this habit abroad, where the thing is common; nevertheless, we think that much evil, and no great good, can accrue from it, either abroad or at home. In the latter, it creates great jealousy in our native domestics, fosters the pride of the foreigner, and often leads to the exposure, betraying, and ruin of indulgent extravagants. The sword was the last object of attention—to his laurelled comrades it was the first; this weapon sat awkwardly on his stranger thigh; it was a maiden sword, and might hang down its head on that account. The Frenchman was for having it thrust almost in front;* the footman took it out of his hands and hung it behind; "*Jean fout,*" cried the hasty Gaul, (John footman, perhaps he meant;) John looked *daggers* at him:—the master brought the weapon right upon the hip. The *chacot* we had almost forgotten; it was a capital omission; it bore

* The French infantry officers wear their swords odiously.

a superb plume, so that our Ensign might fairly be called in *high feather*. But the clock struck, and the officer for duty was obliged to put it on any how, and it was not done in a very soldier-like manner; it did not please Napoleon's *jeune garde*, who went off shrugging up his shoulders and singing,

"Soldats François, chantez Roland,
L'honneur de la Chevalerie."

John footman swore at him loudly and heartily. Mounseer (as John called him) demanded "satisfaction." "Oh! I'll satisfy him," cried John, "if he'll come out in the court-yard." "Dans la cour!" replied the offended party: "non, in Hyde Parc, with my sword." On this John rudely gave him, not *quelque chose*, but kick shoes with a thorough good-will; of which the latter complained vehemently to his master, who immediately turned John off.

Revenge, however, they say, is sweet, and surely John met his enemy soon after in the streets, and so *fisticated* him that he was obliged to keep his room for a week.

The young Ensign was now on Parade. His coat, although made by the first hand, had been altered three times:—it fitted him like wax, after divers cuttings-out of pieces, fine-drawings, paddings, bolsterings, et cetera, et cetera; and he considered himself quite *comme il faut*, doubting not but that a thousand female voices would echo through the streets, "What a handsome young officer! what a sweet fellow!"—and a *sweet* fellow he was, for he seemed as if he lodged at the sign of the Civet Cat: you might wind him at a quarter of a mile off. He had rather overdone the matter, so that, when he came in front of the battalion, the Commanding

Officer looked significantly at the Adjutant, and expressed the smile of pity which dwells next door to contempt : he, however, shook hands with him, and at the usual signal officers *fell in*.

He was afterward very near falling out with Colonel Leadon, the Captain of the Guard ; who, taking him by the arm in a fatherly manner, after the different guards had marched off, gave him some unpalatable advice as to coxcombicality, the necessity for having a more soldier-like appearance, and instructed him how to put his cap on. It was rather unlucky for our novice that the Guard had a great sprinkling of old soldiers in it, both officers and men : the Colonel was a Companion of Bath, and wore its decoration in his button-hole ; the lieutenant had the Waterloo medal ; and one subaltern was a paragon of manly beauty, who quite eclipsed the proud heir of Greenlaw Hall : his only resource, therefore, was to pitch upon a spare, sickly-looking boy, of low stature, a weak sprig of quality, a brother Sub, and to make him his arm companion through the day. He was almost a caricature by the side of well-proportioned privates ; but we have seen these tendrils turn out very well in time, as the oak sapling becomes at length the terror of the ocean, and the monarch of the woods.

The period of being on guard in peaceable times differs widely from that duty in a campaign : no attack, or surprise, is apprehended ; no frequent turning out of the guard ; no necessity exists for the mind that rests not, and the eye that never closes until the relief. Playing on the flute or guitar, back-gammon, piquet, novels, newspapers, writing of *billets doux*, street-lounging, and sauntering into libraries, billiards, and clubs, fill up the otherwise tedious hours of the day. The Colonel ushered our young friend into the Naval and Military Magazine Li-

brary, where an intelligent man may mingle the *dulci*, and where an idle one may kill time and find good company, either reading for improvement or skimming the fashionable articles of the morning papers, or procuring an Opera box. This was amused the youth for a while ; after which he joined his delicate looking friend, who led him to all the other time-consuming places of elegant resort.

The dinner-hour was now approaching, and the young exquisite met his complaining valet, set himself a little to rights, and, as he found that he was doomed—

“To waste his sweetness on the desert air,”

he lowered the dose of perfume, and refilled his snuff-box, which had been exhausted in the morning. A packet of letters was brought to him, but he had not time to read them : there was, nevertheless, one from Emma :—his heart beat ; but he might be late for dinner, and he already dreaded the Colonel's frown. The stud-groom was in attendance to execute orders about bleeding and physicing some of the cattle, and to report a purchase and a sale ; for he had *carte blanche* in these matters, which he did not conduct gratis. The restive horse which had been put in harness a few days before, and which required castigation, was reported unfit for service (as men are) on account of temper. He cost two hundred guineas, being a beautiful animal ; but on Mr. Withers asking his master what was to be done with him, the answer was, “Sell him for what you can ; send him to the devil, if you like.”

This answer suited Mr. Withers to a hair. “And, Sir, I have bought a match for your candles.”

“That's good !”

"I gave a long price."

"I dare say you did : but I have not time to attend to such matters now."

(Valet de chambre.) "*Monsieur a-t-il plus besoin de moi ?*"

"*Non, certainement.*"

(Exit Frenchman.)

"Oh ! on second thoughts,—orderly, call him back,—get me some money at Coutts's."

"*Sair, de banque is shot ;—c'est fermée il y a long tems.*"

"Why, then, run after Withers, and borrow fifty pounds of him ; I may want it in the evening."

No sooner said than done. Withers never wanted money : the costly purse was pulled out, Henry Hase was crammed into it, and our Ensign appeared at dinner. The Colonel gave him an encouraging smile ; he assumed his place at table, took care not to be helped to soup twice, which Sir Vapour Bain* says is bad taste, merely picked a bit, praised nothing ; gave an insipid *sourire* at every thing, intermingling all this detail with French words, snuff-taking between the courses, and looking at every object through the eyeglass : † of this he was cured in time, as of many other bad habits.

After Colonel Leadon had drunk wine with his young subaltern, he observed, "You are, I believe, acquainted with Colonel San Feliz, a Spanish officer ?"

* Sir Vapour was dining at a law lord's in Edinburgh, and was placed next to him at table. On his lordship's asking to be helped to soup a second time, Sir Vapour observed, "It's bad taste, my lord, to be helped twice to any thing." The law lord looked at him for a moment and replied, "Were you saying onny thing, laddie ?"

† When a young fop first went to Trinity College, Dublin, he passed by the Head of the College without taking off his hat. "How long have you been here, young man ?" said the reverend Doctor. "A week," replied the fellow commoner. "Oh, oh ! that's very well ; I thought so, for puppies never see until they are nine days old."

"Why, yes, Colonel, I picked the poor fellow up at a watering-place : I believe he is mere *aventurier*, but he plays very well on the guitar, and is as fond of smoking as myself : I had him with me at Greenlaw Hall, and at some other of our estates ; but he grew *ennuyez* and *monotone*, and, upon drawing nearer to the capital, I cut him and paid him off."

"Young gentleman," said the Colonel, "you surprise me much ; where did you receive your education ? He is a brave man ; I served with him, and I know him to be such. To treat a poor gentleman with contempt does not bespeak a generous mind. The next time you dine on guard you probably may meet him as my guest."

"I should be most happy," replied the young guardsman, with a blush upon his face.

At a late hour after dinner it was proposed by a plurality of the officers to go for an hour to Crack-purse's, just to try their luck. The Colonel shook his head and retired. But they were not to be dissuaded from their usual habits.

"A new hand may turn the tide of fortune in our favour," said the beau garçon subaltern.

"Oh ! I assure you," answered Greenlaw, "I am no new hand, no freshman, as we say at college. I have won and lost large sums frequently ; oftener the latter than the former. I must allow, my losses were very considerable at the Saloon in Paris, and they touched me to the tune of twelve hundred at Frascati's. I lost a great deal of loose gold in the Palais Royal on a rainy Sunday ; and I won a thousand pounds of a young Scot of the Houssards : it is true he never paid me, but *c'est égale*. He is one of those fellows who pass for dupes or pigeons, but who are Greeks at heart : his winnings he put in his pocket, and pleaded non-age against his gaming and annuity debts. He has taxed his tailor's and coach-maker's

bills, compromised his jeweller's, married a wife with some money, and left the army ; yet he fain would be considered as a wild, extravagant, generous fellow, a reclaimed rake and a retrieved prodigal. Scot* knows well enough what he is about, and did so even at school. His father only sent him to Westminster and to Oxford, in order to form noble and fashionable acquaintances, and to have an *entrée* to their families, where a wife or a place under government might be obtained from early habits of intimacy, or boasting of his property in the North, which is about half what he states it to be. It is, however, not every wooed lady, who, like Lady Marintown, sends down her man of business to survey her suitor's estate, before she ventures to tie the hymeneal knot. But to return to Scot : nothing is now so common, as for parents and sons to coalesce in their early plans at school and college, of turning their residence there to account ; and nothing more common than for fellows to make a trade of the army, by getting into some fashionable corps, with the view of rubbing sleeves with nobility and riches, which they also contrive to turn to account ; and after remaining a few years in the regiment they make a good thing of it by selling out for half as much again as they gave for their commissions, having made ten or more per cent. for their purchase-money in the interim.—Pretty soldiers these indeed ! I would not however advise them to try it on with us, (laying great emphasis on the word,) or with the polished Tenth. For my part, I detest such fellows ; indeed, I hate all fellows who make any thing of any profession,—vile *plebs* ! But let us go to Crackpurse-house, as you call it ; I have a loose fifty pounds in my purse that I don't

* The name of Scot only applies to this gentleman's country. The cavalry officers of the army of occupation last war, will easily guess his family name.

care about; it can neither do good nor harm,—so here goes.”

It is with the money which seems too little to do any thing with, that mighty mischief is made. An odd five pound, an odd sovereign, (no disrespect to the new kings of Europe,) an uneven sum arising from change—all these odd pounds go for nothing with the possessor. These odds and ends count not in the arithmetic of a spendthrift; they are estimated as nothing in themselves, but considered as capable of winning a round sum in a lottery, or any other game of hazard or speculative affair, where the little is risked for a great stake, and where the fractions amount to sums, and the sums amount in a little time to diminution of means, and which, going on, (to use a musical term,) not *crescendo*, but *diminuendo*, leads to ruin; and as our hero said, “Here goes.”

CHAPTER VI.

CRACKPURSE-HOUSE.

“Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.”

HORAT.

THERE are two ways of gaining knowledge, by precept or experience: there are also two motives for acquiring this knowledge; namely, either to imitate or reject, to accept or to avoid. If a man passed by Lord Allvainly, or the ex-king of the dandies, he would like to know the name of his

tailor, because each is a well-dressed man ; but if he sat next to a man in the pit of the Opera-house, or followed him down St. James's-street, with wrinkles all over the back of his tunic, and the cuffs so ill-cut as to display his wrists, he would like also to know the name of the awkward performer, in order to avoid him. Thus it is with greeks and greeking, gamesters and gaming-houses : they ought to be known, for the purpose of flying from their dangerous temptations ; and as precept never does as much for us as practice or experience, it is not so unprofitable as may be imagined, to be an eye-witness to the ruin of the gaming-table, provided that the scholar does not pay too dear for the lesson ! We are now at Crackpurse's—the period of this visit was previous to the coming down of the mansion, when the exterior was not remarkable for its style or elegance : the new structure of this Greek temple will, doubtless, be very magnificent, as there is no lack of gold to finish it off in the first form. We are told that Mr. Crackpurse, who is a step higher than vulgar, i. e. *vulgar*, was much puzzled as to the order of his architecture. At first he was for the I. O. Nian—on account of the number of the I. O. U's which had gone towards its fabrication ; but his dealer informed him that this would savour too much of the shop. The Doric was next suggested, and Mr. Crackpurse agreed to this, but merely for the pillars of the door, from which he supposed this order took its name ; but Cerberus the porter, and Ambidexter the groom-porter, each put in a word, and overruled the proposal, when Crackpurse told them to put what posteses they liked, except the Gothic, that being too like himself. The Composite was at last agreed upon, and the order is very appropriate ; the materials, or rather *materiel*, which compose it, are of divers substances, and from a

variety of pockets : the gold of prodigality and folly ; the soft paper of softer possessors ; the bonds which have broken all the more binding ties and duties of humanity ; together with the promissory notes of some of the most promising youths of the country, now blighted in the hour of prosperity, and cut off from realizing their brightest prospects !—there may be some stray-pieces wrung from speculative avarice, and others fallen from brutal intoxication :* be that as it may, the *amalgam* will make a rare edifice, which will outstand the storming of those who have to *raise the wind* for the purpose of shaking its foundation. When the late Cooke, the able actor, left Liverpool, where he had been hissed for appearing in liquor on the stage, he put his head out of his post-chaise, and thus made his adieu : “ Liverpool ! I leave you ; and you, ye pampered purse-proud traders, I leave ye too ! there you are in your splendid mansions : and there is not a brick in your houses that has not been cemented by the blood of the blacks !” In like manner, perhaps, it may be said, that there is not a pillar or pediment, an architrave, or cornice, which has not been cemented by tears of regret, and by those who, giving credit to the gambler and dupe, have indirectly contributed to the pile now in its progress of erection. Having said thus for the temple or theatre of Chance, a few words on its dramatis personæ.

“ Who is that original, sitting on the right-hand of the dealer ?” inquired Herbert Greenlaw of one of

* Whilst on the subject of intoxication, we cannot help remembering a scene in a minor hall, a few years ago. One of the punters was so drunk that he was troublesome to every body present. An Irish waiter reported this, and asked if the gentleman should not be turned out. “ Faith, I do not know,” said the hell-keeper : “ his money is as good as any one’s else ; but, perhaps, you had better take the *sense* of the meeting !”—“ Troth,” said Pat, “ I should have very little to take *that* way ; I think I had better take the man out myself.”

his brother-officers, who was an *habitué* of the house.

"That is Lord Glenmuck, the son of a red-headed bog-trotter, who had the luck to step into a title and a fortune, which came to him from a sixteenth cousin, a Catholic, and a *ci-devant* officer in the French army. The old man was a simpleton and a *debauché*, but professed a faith which he did not practise; he was very anxious to make a gentleman of his heir, but never could succeed in any shape;

"(For) when in spite of Nature's stubborn plan
He trod (life's) stage by way of gentleman,"

he was quite out of his element; but when he had to swear at a waiter, mill a coachman, or preside over the bottle, he was quite at home! The old Lord was, in his last days, very solicitous that the young man should adhere to the creed of his forefathers: for of the aged Peer it might be said with much truth, that

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be:
(But) when the devil got well, the devil a monk was he!"

Nevertheless, young hopeful changed his religion for the love of the lucre of gain: he married a wife of very gentlemanly habits, such as swearing, driving, and drinking; but she had also female habits which were very liberal, free, and easy, but which did not tend to promote *la paix du ménage*.—His Lordship, whom you see, is the worthy descendant of that honourable and happy couple: which parent he takes most after, it is difficult to ascertain, but some think that he has all the qualities of both, to which he superadds a very fertile invention. He is no common-place plodding matter-of-fact man, but a fellow of a brilliant invention, and a great economist of

truth, which he respects so much that he never makes use of it but on emergencies, when he cannot do otherwise. My lord is a great friend to this house, and this lower house suits him far better than the upper one.

"The next person to him is Lord Dormouse, so called from his insipid quiet habits: he is a fixture here, and ought to be taken with the house, if it were to be disposed of. Crackpurse is very fond of the Lords and Gemmen of high name who honour his board with their presence, as a support to the concern, and as loadstones to vain and foolish youths, who lose their money with more pleasure among titles, than in company with humble commoners and folks in business."

"*Rouge gagne la couleur*," was now accented.

"Stop!" lisped out a dandy, "put this twenty on the black; red cannot go for ever."

"And I say *red for ever!*" whispered the sickly boy of an Ensign; "I will support the cloth."

"Here goes the fifty at once," said young Greenlaw, "for the sake of the colour."

Luck changed, and the black ran eleven times; it was, as Mr. Hugh Bull termed it, "the Devil's own martingale." With respect to Mr. Hugh Bull, we do not know a man who has been more misrepresented, or unjustly ridiculed. He had a large fortune, and was extravagant in the use of it; and pray is he singular in this? He was very much liked in his regiment. He married a lady from off the stage; and pray have not Lord C. and Lord D., Lord W. L. and Lord T., and almost all the Lords in the alphabet done the same? Moreover, his lady is beautiful, attractive, and virtuous, beyond the power of scandal to impeach her in the least degree. Mr. Hugh Bull is fond of notoriety, and has purchased a princely country-house, where his hospitality is

thrown away upon ingrates. Now, as for his wife's being the natural daughter of the Earl of Drum, and as to all the bad French which is put in Mr. Hugh Bull's mouth, there is not a word of truth in either; the one is a base "*on dit*," and the other, one of the bad jokes of "The Age." Mr. Hugh Bull is a good fellow; we know it, and we wish he would never go to Crackpurse House again. After the loss of the fifty pounds, the young Guardsman tendered a draft on his banker for another fifty, which was cashed *instantly*: he received the amount in gold, and played by ten pound stakes at a time, which all vanished by the Devil's own martingale. The puny-looking Ensign put on a sovereign at a time, and had the pleasure of seeing them ladled away one after another, as many another *spooney* had before him. The *beau garçon* was out one hundred. Young Greenlaw gave a second and a third draft for fifty pounds, and then swore he would play no more that night, merely because it was growing too late, and that he should have the headach at guard-relieving. He was half out of the room-door, when he was called back, and told that he had forgotten his last, a five-pound stake, which had won; and a five-pound note was held out to him, together with his five pieces of gold. He walked back to the table slowly, and as if reluctantly, with the most refined indifference; and as he was inserting the coin, he dropped the paper currency, (yelept the *rag*, by radical democrat Cobbet,) and turning from it, said, "Let it lie, it is not worth stooping for; give it to some of the *gens de la maison*." At the words "*let it lie*," Lord Glenmuck's eyes flashed with admiration at such noble conduct; Lord Dormouse could not believe his optics; Crackpurse grinned admiration, and the rest of the party looked as if they thought that the youth was a fool.

"Each gazed on other, none the silence broke,"
Till rising up the mighty Crackpurse spoke;

and he spoke thus: "That is a *gemman*, as fine a youth as ever my eyes did see. What grace! what elegance! what a magnanimous contempt for money! I hope he will come here often; so I'll *foller* him down stairs and show him every attention in my power."

He did so, offered him refreshment, hoped for the honour of seeing him again, was most proud of his *visit*: to all which, and much more, our hero (greatly delighted at what he had partly overheard,) replied, "Thank you, Mr. Crackpurse, I certainly shall come again; it is a very fair lounge when one is on guard, it is a good place to meet one's acquaintance; I'll certainly patronize your house, and be a member of the concern. Good night to you:"—the sun had nevertheless risen. On his way to the Guard-house, he inquired respecting the other visitors to the infernal regions; among the most prominent of whom were Lords Clanerin and Hoax. These noblemen were represented to be patrician Corinthians, regular amateurs, and proficient in their art: opinion, however, was divided on this point, and it was roundly asserted by the puny Ensign, that Lord Hoax had no harm in him, that he merely played for diversion, and, if he ever had hoaxed any one, it was a fair give and take, for that he had been had in his turn. As to the other peer, he has been so much in print at different times, that it is not fair to say any thing about him. It is likewise said that Dick Donkey-love, the humane member for the county of Blarney, in Paddy's Land, has some heavy charges against the noble Lord:—time will show. A young Rum-puncheon once came in his way, which he drained a little; but the Transatlantic spooney showed a great deal of cunning afterwards, and does not seem will-

ing to pay for keeping company with his superiors. The rest of the gaming group was made up of flats from the West end of the town, of fortune or credit; more officers of the *Gardes* off duty; together with ways-and-means men, confederates, decoys, make-weights, and idlers; whose losses, although comparatively small, make from their number united what would keep up a most expensive establishment, without taking into consideration the immense hauls of gold and silver fish which fall into the net of Piscator Crackpurse.

The morning advanced; the usual pomp and circumstance of war took place: the Guards appeared glittering as usual on parade, with that vertical lace on their undress uniform which distinguishes them from other corps; and with that townish and tonish air which belongs to them alone,—not forgetting the long coat, more seemly by half than a regimental jacket. The Guards were soon relieved; whilst the Life Guards bore their share of military pride and glory through the Mall and in front of Whitehall, the sun glittering on their cuirasses, and their gay plumage floating in the breeze. They had at their head a certain Lord, the son of one of high military talent and renown; whether it may be said of him in that respect,

“*Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis,*”

we know not; but we suspect that he has a great deal of ground to go over, all bold and dashing as he is. He has to fight his way to the laurel-wreath; to get rid of one connexion, and to be *doubly noosed* by another; he has to lull his temper; to lose a limb and a rib; to declare himself hostile to a whole nation in time of peace. But such are the movements, military and conjugal, in high life, where we

see the *changes*, *promotions*, the *retirings* upon full or half-pay, together with the *dismissals* from the service, as frequent and as little thought of as the Gazette, which interests nobody but the parties concerned,—and very much concerned some of them are. Still going on with wedlock like a Gazette, how many are there neither on half-pay nor full-pay, but *unattached* ! How many situations are done by deputy ! What astonishing *increases* and *reductions* take place in Fashion's *corps* ! A Matrimonial Gazette would be a most interesting thing ; it would set the hymeneal corps all on the "*qui vive* ;" would give activity to supineness, and quiescence to some of our too active female citizens ; it would call drones into *attention*,—a military *caution* which we request them to receive with docility ; and, finally, it might perhaps abridge the officious occupation of reporters in public and private, in the Senate and in the Courts of Justice, which once were formed to detect crime and to intimidate offenders, but which now have turned into an amusement to the idle, and a resource to those who can amplify details, and shed a degree of fun and humour over delinquency,—that the wretch may suffer doubly, and the reporter may gain a daily meal.

CHAPTER VII.

OFF GUARD.

"Tired with the toil of having naught to do."

WHEN the guard was relieved, the young Ensign retired to rest. He had a host of servants, artists, and tradesmen, waiting for him, but they were all put off until the next day : his orders to his *valet de chambre* were, to be called at three ; to the stable department his directions were, to give his score of quadrupeds an airing, except a pair of curricule-horses, and a pair to follow, which were to be in attendance precisely at four, for a morning drive ; and a footman was despatched to his friend Bramblewood, to appoint half-past four to take him up at his lodgings. This young man had been the companion of his youth, his countryman, and a relation : moreover, he knew the secret of his heart—and that heart, in spite of the dissipation into which he was plunged, required to be disburdened. Pleasure distracts, but it fills not the heart or mind : there was no solid satisfaction in all the expensive outgoings, and the life of vanity which he was pursuing : by it he had as yet reaped no benefit, had made no friends, nor even obtained the fame which he anticipated ; this, however, he had still in view, and he was resolved to obtain it, cost what it might. With these reflections, and a heated brain, he dropped asleep, and was called according to his orders. After an insipid breakfast, and a lengthy

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beings of the same cast and weakness, produces nothing but sumptuous misery, and the unavailing waste of property. He also had the satisfaction of pulling up by the side of three Countesses' landau, vis-à-vis, and barouche; and of being greeted with, "I saw you yesterday on *Garde*; I shall send you a card of invitation for my weekly *soirées*; or, I hope we shall see you at the Opera—my box is number —, on such a tier." Delightful sounds!!! Delectable *Gardes*! Dear London life! Never did young French military novice (and none are vainer than the French) see himself in female favour, and hum more contentedly to himself,

"Je suis militaire, c'est un bel état,"

than this youth, at this his outset in the army, and in the arena of beaux contending for the prize of excellence.

After an hour's drive, Herbert quitted the curicle, leaving it at the door of a Club-house, of which he had just been admitted a member; and prevailed on his friend to accompany him in trying the new horse which Mr. Withers had purchased for him: this was a second exhibition. Withers had come with the new horse, but, as he was far above riding or leading him about in waiting, a groom was despatched on foot for this purpose, whilst another had the charge of a led horse for his master's riding companion, and was mounted on the most expensive horse of the three; namely, a hunter, bought for seven hundred sovereigns out of the Leicestershire hunt. The effect of the three grooms touching their hats simultaneously to the young Guardsman, as well as the like *obéissance* from him who received the reins from master, was very fine, master being at that time a caricature of

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fashion. The art of Cruickshanks and Stubbs might have been worthily employed here ; and a few beautiful spaniels, and one bull-terrier, would have filled up the back-ground with much effect.* We must, at the same time, do our hero the justice to say, that when he had been one month in his regiment, the *outré* style of his dress, and the *hyper-coxcomical* manner of his high-bearing, disappeared ; he was quite *guardish* in both ; a better style he could not have found.

At this moment a powerful rival, in an imbecile old man, passed him by, a thing alone, in a curricie with two out-riders, closely followed by his lady (and she was such by birth) in her chariot, with two footmen behind ; both of which vehicles had been perceived by the two young friends, issuing in immediate succession from the *rus in urbem* residence of this veteran in pomp and frivolity. Herbert Greenlaw mistook him for a duke or an earl, but was much surprised at finding, on inquiry, that he was a simple Knight, and a simpler M. P. ; and that, when travelling, he had a habit of being the precursor of his own establishment, consisting of carriage and six horses, *voiture de suite*, liveried cavalry, etc., etc., and would inform the astounded turnpike-man that such a cavalcade was on the road, and that it belonged to him ; paying toll at the same time as an excuse for this act of vanity. This haughty old body is in age, what another simple Knight and M. P. was in youth, and is in riper years ; his name bespeaks a want of suavity ; and each of them has that blot in his escutcheon, which would exempt them from hereditary honours and heraldic quaterings.

From trying the new horse, the youths looked in at Tattersal's to learn how bets were going ; they

* Eight hundred pounds worth of horse-flesh was here upon the *pavé*.

also called in Portman Square, to procure a ready-furnished house for the season—nothing being so unfashionable as to save money by inhabiting the family town-house, which indeed became impracticable, from the number of reception-apartments, which had not left room for a second establishment. From Portman Square they cantered to the Naval and Military Magazine Office, observing that Lady Lydia Languish usually went there about six o'clock, on her way home to dress, either to get an Opera box for some friend, or to procure a novel to be read at the breakfast-table. He was just in time to hand her out of her carriage, and to insist upon putting Vivian Grey and Almack's upon the vacant front seat. Her Ladyship was attended by a *protégée*, whose situation of dependence was evident by the precedence and other acts of humility demonstrated by the young lady, who, unfortunately for her patroness, was the handsomest of the two. Her arm was bestowed on Ensign Bramblewood, who played second fiddle with his friend, and who was nothing loth to show her every politeness in his power. These civilities produced an invitation for an *At Home*, and a select supper after the French play; and young Greenlaw did not fail to point out to his friend the advantage which he derived from having accompanied him in his matutine engagements.

It was now growing dark, although half the task of pleasure had not been performed. He had appointed an hour for having his miniature taken *in uniform*, for his dear mamma,—the artist must be disappointed; he had three visits forgotten,—an empty carriage could accomplish this, after setting him down at dinner; he had made a match at tennis P. P.—money would get off that: letters to write,—too great a bore to be attended to: and an engagement to dinner at his relation the Bishop's, which he did:

not relish,—this could be got over by a bounce : Bramblewood could write an excuse whilst his friend was getting his hair curled : “*a violent cold caught on guard*”—excellent ! and the *valel de chambre*, who could lie like *un arracheur de dents*, would make a probable story of it ; and, as his Lordship and family did not frequent the open temples of voluptuousness and dissipation, nor spend the early hours of the morning, before and at sunrise, in dancing, card-playing, and fluttering about, there was no fear of the mendacious apology’s being detected. The Bishop and the beau moved in different spheres : that of the former was most unattractive to the latter ; he, notwithstanding, did *condescend* to dine once with his Lordship ; but he assured his friends at the Opera and at Almack’s, that there was nothing in the Bishop’s house, except his venison, which had *le goût de revenez-y*.

Instead of complying with his engagement to the Bishop, young Greenlaw prevailed upon his companion to put off his by an equally truth-telling excuse, (so does example corrupt !) He was to assert that he was obliged to set off for the country to visit a sick relative : which left him at liberty to accompany his friend to Long’s Hotel, at half-past eight, and gave them time for dress ; whereas the Bishop’s hour was six precisely : “and,” as young Greenlaw said, “away with every thing formal and precise, orderly, stupid, and family-like !” At Long’s our hero had a debt to pay, which he lost on a race ; and he had likewise to pick up the chit-chat of the day : here he met with a rare set of thorough-going fellows, and, for the first time in his life, learned completely to spurn sensibility, and to laugh at the miseries of mankind. Sir Charles Callousheart read out aloud, *pro bono publico*, a letter from his tailor in the Fleet Prison, who laid his ruin to the account of the *worthy*

Baronet. The epistle was laughed at by all, who agreed that to ruin a gross of tailors was good sport, observing, "D——me! they would ruin us, if we paid them; besides, they have a bankruptcy as a remedy." (Sir Charles had been liberated by the Insolvent Act.)

An Exquisite of the Tenth here produced what he called a begging letter from a quondam intimate, to whose destruction he had largely contributed.

"And do you mean to lend him the twenty pieces?" said Sir Charles.

"De-ci-ded-ly not," replied he; "an infernal fool! to live among men who had larger properties than himself. What are a few dirty acres of Maidenham Abbey, an old ruin of a house, and about four hundred per annum? why a mere breakfast in high life. Why don't he go abroad and live upon his wits, as others do?"

Bramblewood was disgusted at this; but it was for a moment new and entertaining to Fashion's recruit; and might perhaps have produced the most poisonous effect, had not Colonel Leadon warned him on a field-day, that Sir Charles was a marked man, and not fit for his society.

At twelve the new carriage was announced, to take the couple to Lady Lydia's: but Greenlaw thought he could improve his appearance, and, after a third *toilette*, made his *entrée* at one A. M. Her Ladyship's was one of those meetings where nothing is proposed except a place in fashionable engagements in the newspapers, a crowd of names, and the underplot part of the piece of Match-making.

Her Ladyship was a widow, and, as her dowry was nearly annuitized away, she was hanging-out for a partner and a treasury in one and the same person. Her Ladyship had cast her eye on the young Guardsman, and her fair companion felt not insensible to the

amiability of his comrade ; the *doux intérêt* which each inspired made the *soirée* pass off most agreeably.

The supper exhibited much taste, and the vocal powers of professional people beguiled the fleeting hours : these accomplished songsters were warbling within, whilst the feathered tribes were carolling without to welcome the sun in his bright passage from the east. What particularly delighted young Greenlaw was his having the place of preference at her Ladyship's board : she had so contrived the matter as to allow the departure of the crowd, and with it the list of superior titles, so that the favoured youth could enjoy the *première place* without offending jealous nobility. There was but one Baronet and an honourable Commoner present : the former was *P ami de la maison*, and did the honours at the foot of the table ; the latter was more than recompensed for his distance from the lady of the house by being placed next to Lady Labradore, at the altar of whose vanity he was burning the grateful incense of flattery, and in whose captivated ear he was pouring the sweet oil of acceptable compliments. Maria, the companion, considered that she had made a conquest ; so that there were three happy couples at the supper table :—the others might have been sent to Coventry, for what Lady Lydia cared. Now, being sent to *Coventry* is next to being sent to *Hell*,* (such a one as Mr. Crackpurse's, we mean,) for ruin dwells with each name.

At broad daylight the party broke up ; Lady Lydia gave a friendly pressure of the palm of her lily hand to that of *le jeune militaire*, and, as Shakspeare says—

* Our polished readers cannot suspect us of any other meaning : like a quality preacher, we

“ — Never mention hell to ears polite ; ”

—i. e. what the Frenchman would call “ *le véritable*. ”

—"Palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss."

Maria looked what words cannot tell ; and upon that look the more sensible and sensitive youth lived for a week.

The friends returned to their respective homes ; the hyper-fashionable worn out with fatigue, the more moderate being so infected by Love's treasured poison that he passed a sleepless morning.

The last words of her Ladyship to her beau were, "You won't forget this day week ; and of course you will be at Miss Paton's benefit, and let me take you to the Countess San Florenzo's ball and concert to-morrow night : " all of which he accepted.

Maria only accented, in a dulcet tone, "I hope we shall see you soon again ?"—the answer to which was, "Until then I shall be miserable ; but I shall look for you in the Park at four o'clock."

And whilst we are talking of last words after a splendid party, we must chronicle those of the hero of the piece. "Do you not think," said he, yawning at the same time, "that I have made a certain impression on the widow ? What do you think of her ?"

"Why," replied the friend, "she is now a second Dido ! and we may say with Virgil,

"At Regina gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis et cœco carpitur igni."

Bramblewood was an excellent scholar, and had not forgotten his classics ; but his friend had turned his back upon Homer and Sophocles, Ovid, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal, to get into what he considered better and more companionable society, and had substituted Rousseau and Voltaire, Pigault le Brun, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the last Peerage, and the Racing Calendar, to these old-fashioned gentlemen ; so that he did not understand one word of the quo-

tation ; and not liking to show his ignorance, made no rejoinder but a nod of the head, and "*Adieu, mon ami.*" With respect to the "*Gravi saucia cura,*" it might, for aught he knew, be something about the rich gravy and sauces of the banquet ; and the "*Vulnus alit venis*" referred, doubtless, to some article which *vain is* ! However, the matter was not worth inquiring into.

The sitting-up porter, as well as our Exquisite's first tall footman, cursed late hours, and those who kept them : the latter wished the valet de chambre back to his own country, for being indulged in absenting himself after the evening dressing-time ; and the janitor sought his couch sulkily, and thinking how hard his lot is, who has to wait upon the votaries of pleasure and the followers of Fashion's gilded car.

We have for a long time forgotten home, the country, fair Emma, and the tale connected with our hero's history ; fashionable parties and the movements of *the Guards* naturally produce the oblivion of humbler subjects :—and when we talk of the movements (or motions of the Guards,) we mean not the common rotation of duty, the exchange of quarters, (a thing, however, sometimes momentous to officers and privates and *la terreur des maris*;) not the marching of one battalion from Knightsbridge Barracks to Portman-street, and of another from Portman-street to the King's Mews, and of a third from thence to be quartered in Westminster ; but of the fashionable pursuits of the corps, their evolutions in high life, success, promotion, and advancement in all shapes, from winning a bet or a race on the turf or the water, to their having foreign governments and commands abroad, and marrying titles and heiresses at home :—but having made this digression, we will return to order and our duty in the very next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DREAM, EMMA, AND A CONVERSATION.

"Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
 The one, the chosen one, whose place
 In life or death is by thy side?
 Think'st thou that she whose only light
 In this dim world from thee hath shone,
 Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
 That must be her's when thou art gone?
 That I can live, and let thee go,
 Who art my life itself?—no, no!
 When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
 Out of its heart must perish too!

MOORE.

SUCH were the accents which Emma seemed to address to her lover in a dream, from which he awoke pale, agitated, and inflamed: he thrice looked up at the faint light, scarcely convinced that the night had passed away, and that another day was added to the chain of years, each link of which forms the diurnal expenditure of time, and of which he might say, if he accounted with himself, "*Diem perdidit*—I have lost a day!"

It is wonderful indeed how few can be set down otherwise in pleasurable life: for, if we take hours from days, we perhaps do not *live out* above seven or eight days in the month. We remember an old man, whom we deemed very severe at the time, making this diary for a fashionable youth of his acquaintance:—

"One stupid hour in the morning, to think about getting up, being weak, very exhausted, and disappointed, by the insipid pleasures of the preceding

night ; two hours to dress ; one hour to breakfast and pule over the newspaper ; two hours for exercise ; two more for second toilette ; eight hours for the banquet and public places ; eight for disturbed rest, or perhaps for the stupor of intoxication."

How much of rational life is here ?—But to return to young Greenlaw. He looked round and rubbed his eyes ; and asked himself if this were a dream indeed, or a reality ? The tenderness, yet energy of the words ; the soft cadence with which they fell upon his imagination ; the charm which they instilled into his breast, like vernal flowers dropping sweet odours ; the truth which these lines conveyed when attributed to faithful and fond, modest and mild Emma ; all combined in making him doubt the evidence of his senses, and led him to commune with his reason, and to ask whether her light directed or deceived him ? The sound still echoed in his ear ; it was just day-break ; modest Aurora, with blushing cheek, like an attendant maiden on her lord, ushered in the Orb of Day ! that potent luminary which calls into existence the feathered songsters, and wins the violet and the rose to open their young bosoms to his embrace, and bloom in gratitude for his life-giving charm. It was morn, but not late enough to awaken the domestics of the hotel : he turned first on one side and then on the other, like Achilles after the death of his second-self, Patroclus,—

" Now prone, and now supine, behold him lay ;
Now shifts his side, impatient of the day."

He fell asleep again ; but in a short time started and awoke a second time : he thought he saw her to whom he had plighted his boyish love—her who had grown with his increasing years, as the ivy steals on her loving life with the protective oak or humbler.

elm, ready to brave the storm, and share the summer-tide alike with him—her who had never changed, although he neglected her in the season of his ripening, and gave to pride and fashion those hours which might have been devoted to social happiness and pure attachment. Her elastic form appeared to approach him; but upon extending his arms towards it, it vanished !

“ Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno.”

It was now broad day, and he rang his bell violently. *Monsieur de la France* answered the summons, with “ *Me voila, Monsieur ; mais il n'est que huit heures : j'espère que Monsieur n'est pas malade.*”

“ *Pas absolument : mais je ne me porte pas trop bien ; j'ai eu une mauvaise nuit, et un rêve—.*” Here he broke off, and then added, “ *Donnez moi ma robe de chambre—je prendrais un bain.*”

The loquacious Frenchman was just beginning to descant on the effect of dreams, when his master, complaining of the head-ache, dressed himself *à la hâte*, sent for a hackney-coach, and took a warm bath. He returned somewhat refreshed, but could eat no breakfast. Pomp, pride, and vanity, fashion and flirtation, could do nothing for him now ; his only resource was to send for his friend Bramblewood, and to solace himself by conversing about her who was the cause of his present melancholy and self-upbraiding. This young man was one of the few who can lead a London life without a contamination of principle—who can keep company of the most elegant and polished manners in high and costly life (and nowhere could he meet with such more genuine than in the Guards), without diminishing his small property, or failing in performing any of his honourable engagements. He kept up no establish-

ment, had only a pair of riding-horses, a groom, a soldier of his regiment as his body-servant, and a genteel lodging; yet was he everywhere invited, every where welcome; nowhere did he visit but in the first company. He was very popular in his regiment, amiable yet independent in his manners, and, amidst the bustle of a town-life, he still found time for reading and improving his mind: all these things may be and are done in the Guards, although Fashion woos and wins so many of the youth of the corps. And here it is but justice to acknowledge the distinguished services of so many officers of the Brigade, from the earliest history of the corps to the present era; to chronicle the name of the Clintons, a Huntly, a Smollet, and numerous others; and to bestow the merited meed of praise on Sir Herbert Taylor; who was to the illustrious regretted Prince what Le Clerc was to Buonaparte, (who called him "*Mon bras droit*,")—the right arm and benevolent heart which administered the royal and fatherly munificence of his beloved commander,—who stimulated and gloried in the magnanimous deeds of his patron and commanding officer—that noble veteran who delighted in the name of Guardsman; witness his truly soldierlike, British, and princely letter to the Brigade on foreign service.

When Bramblewood obeyed the call of friendship, he found young Greenlaw in a state of great dejection; to alleviate which, the former proposed that the latter should order his light mail, and drive the dashing four-in-hand, not up and down London streets, but ten miles an end, to contemplate for once Nature and the country, and to breathe pure air and fresh vegetation. The proposal was agreed to, and speedily carried into effect; the direction of the banks of the Thames was pitched upon for the drive, and the Exquisite Greenlaw, for the first time in his

life, took an early and simple dinner; after which his lamps were lighted, and he returned to dress for an evening party. The conversation naturally turned on Emma the whole of the day. He who had been a lover in the days of nature and simplicity, ere a fond but vain, and (in that point) criminal, mother had excited his ambition and vanity to its present fever, opened his mind to his comrade and relative.

"What shall I do with regard to Emma?" said he: "she is young; she is handsome and innocent; we have regarded each other from childhood; I am in a manner (he almost swallowed the word) betrothed to her: yet you see, my dear fellow, such a match is wholly incompatible with my mother's views, and, indeed, with my own." (Bramblewood was about to speak.) "I know what you are going to say: I am rich, and want not a wife for the sake of her fortune:—true; but then family connexion; a bride in high life; a title which might in time ennoble the male side of the house, and lead not only to a seat in Parliament, but to the Baronetage. There is a dormant one in my mother's family, and if we could prove that it went in the female line, we should be all-right. I must marry that sort of thing which would create envy, admiration, and respect—a commanding beauty (and, *soit dit en passant*, he might get plenty of them in high life),—one who, when riding in the Park with me, followed by two grooms, would be the star of attraction; one whom my brother officers might be proud to bow to from the *pavé* of St. James's-street. I must not wed a rustic, though lovely as an angel; must not throw myself away on one without a name, not if my heart loved her to despair; and as for mine, the toils of fashion have almost blunted its feelings." Here his off-leader, which was rather above his work, began to plunge; his driver checked him, and cried, "Will

you ? steady there, Rover ;" (Very apropos, thought Bramblewood.) " In a word, old fellow, I must cure this returning weakness. Marry her I must not ; and yet wholly to neglect her would be base indeed. To-night I mean to write to her, but what to say *m'embrouille diablement*."

This conversation, as our reader may perceive, was on the road : the friend listened to it attentively, weighed the matter fairly, and after taking a pinch of snuff, in order to give the last speaker breathing-time, he thus replied, " My dear Herbert, nothing is more difficult than to give advice in matters like these ; nothing so thankless, nothing more useless, for men, in general, have resolved on what to do ere they seek advice ; but you have asked mine, and I hold it my duty to counsel you as I would act myself, having your interest sincerely at heart. With respect to Emma's birth, we know not who she is ; but one thing is evident—she is of no low stock ; her person, her manners, and the consideration which the clergyman and his wife, with whom she has been brought up, bestow on her, prove her to be of no base origin ; besides, her virtues and her accomplishments are of the very first cast. By her sweet dispositions she has rivetted the affections of those with whom she lives ; they love her as their own child. By her brilliant qualities and her education, on which no pains have been spared, she is the pattern and ornament of her neighbourhood. All we know about her is, that she enjoys a small annuity, and considers herself an orphan ; but, in spite of the ambiguity of that matter, she would do honour to any rank in society. Look at the birth of some of the most dashing characters in town, of both sexes. How many in affluence, splendour, and titles, foreign and national, have not been born under the sanction of legitimacy ! A certain virtuosa Coun-

tess ; the two characters we named in our last drive, knights and members of Parliament ; the theatrical Colonel ; an old General-officer, and created baronet : moreover, look high in our peerage, and trace the illegitimate race of Stuart : then, again, high up in the French peerage, a duke of like royal descent. But as to Emma, we have no right to assume that she is a natural daughter ; all we can remark is, the taciturnity observed on the subject of her birth. I have, like yourself, known her from almost infancy ; a sweeter child never existed, nor one more dutiful, caressing, or grateful, to her adopted parents. It may be said of her in the words of the poet, in one of his most feeling poems,

‘ I may not count the thousand infant charms,
Unconscious fascinations, undesign’d ;
The prayer repeated in her father’s* arms,
That Heaven might bless her sire and all mankind.”
CAMPSBELL.

I never aspired to the hand of Emma, but I should be proud of such a partner ; the marked preference which she bestowed on you, and which I then thought was returned on your part, precluded all possibility of my indulging a tender sentiment for her ; nay, had that not been the case, my fortune is not sufficient to bring her into society in a manner equal to her deserts. It would be doing her injustice to condemn merit, beauty, and talent, like hers, to a life of mediocrity, retirement, and obscurity ; not but that I think she would make a good poor gentleman’s wife : however, it would be cruel to deprive higher society of such a jewel. As for what you ought to do, ask your own heart ; reflect on the past ; do not blind yourself ; slur not over by-gone vows, expressions, promises, conversations, sympathies ; resort not to

* Her adopted father we mean.

the common yet dishonourable custom, of sporting with female feelings. However you may at present get over your obligations and marked attentions, believe me, a time may come when your own heart may smite you if you have wiled this fair one's heart away; if you have raised hopes and expectations to blight the one and to disappoint the other; if you have,—mark, I put it to you *if*—if, I repeat it again, the tenor of your conduct has been such as to win those affections which you cannot requite by any but one act—that of making her your wife! She has, you allow it yourself, already received some slights from you, which she has borne with mild and submissive patience. You might offend your mother by forming an alliance with virtue and beauty *only*, but your worthy old father would easily be gained over, and she would be the pride of his age. You alone can be a judge as to the time and other circumstances connected with your union: but, in the plain unvarnished language of truth and honour—in the firm conviction that your duty prescribes to you but one noble, candid, and open line of conduct—I must say, that to desert her entirely, either by a cruel, unmanly, abrupt breaking off, of which I believe you to be incapable; or by a more usual, but not honester, compromising, seemingly-gentle falling off, would be an act unworthy of a soldier or a man, a stain on the noble blood in your veins, and would tarnish the lustre of that profession which you have embraced, and in which, we find, in spite of human frailty, that the bravest men are always the best; or, as the song says,

‘The spirit that’s boldest and bravest in war,
Is the truest and fondest in love!’”

Luckily for young Greenlaw, they had just pulled up at an inn, and one of the grooms jumped down

from the dicky to receive the ribands from his master's hand. The gay youth kept a profound silence on the subject just concluded. Bramblewood proposed the early dinner, which, after some hesitation, motivated on fashionable custom, his friend consented to ; not omitting, however, to say, "This is rural indeed ; I don't know whether I shall be able to eat any thing ; however, I made no breakfast, and this may pass for a *dejeûné à la fourchette*."

"Let it pass for what it will," said the son of Nature ; "*le nom n'y fait rien*,

' A rose would smell as sweet by any other name.'

Order dinner, and I will be bound that the exercise and country air will produce a more salutary effect than all the provocations of tonics, *saucés piquantes*, or of drugs or incentives of any kind. Our usual dinner is the labourer's supper ; our luncheon, now refined into a *de jeûné à la fourchette*, in his dinner, and so on. There are many fair dames, too, who sip two spoonfuls of soup, taste a bit of fish, and conclude with the wing of a lark, or the decimal of a quail or golden plover at dinner, who will, at two or three P. M., in private, finish a mutton *cotelette*, the wing of a fowl, and an appropriate quantity of vegetables."

So it was with our Exquisite ; who, after ordering a dozen French dishes, which he could not get executed, consumed half a dish of gudgeons, a veal *cotelette*, and the whole breast of a Dorking fowl, with a pint of pale sherry, and his share of a bottle of claret. After this he got into better spirits, and observed affectedly, "By Juno ! this early feeding agrees with me !"

"It would agree with us all," quoth his reasonable

companion, "if fashion permitted us to study our health and our happiness."

"*Peut-etre*," responded Greenlaw. Not a word more had as yet transpired concerning broken vows and Emma; but the man of honour, the soldier, and the friend, was not to be put off thus: he brought the subject again upon the *tapis* still more vehemently, clearly, and distinctly, and required to know what he meant to do.

"A moment, if you please: let us have coffee and some cherry-bounce: for *liqueurs* I fear the *plebs* have not." These were brought. "Why," concluded he, "I should like to marry the girl vastly, if it were not for my dear mother: it would break her heart, were I to throw myself away, as she would call it. All I can do for Emma, is, to make her splendid presents and to keep myself single; and that, I assure you, will be no easy task. And I shall have a dozen wives proposed to me by Lady Gertrude out of which to choose!"

"Your splendid presents Emma will value very little," said Bramblewood, "if the heart accompany not the gift. As to keeping yourself single, that is the least which you can do: it is an imperative act of justice; for, in fact, I presume you have positively promised to marry her?"

"Get the carriage, waiter; bring the bill! The cherry-brandy is diabolical: the most diminutive drop of pure, genuine, would be better; it would take away the vile taste."

The tenacious champion for beauty was not thus to be beaten off the field. He put the question again.

"Why, in some measure, yes; conditionally, to be sure:—that is to say, if I could get the consent of both parents. Emma would not accept my hand otherwise."

"Generous soul!" interrupted the friend to woman.

"Yes; but there's the thing, for that I never shall obtain." (To the Waiter) "Is all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let us have the lamps lighted and be off."

This lighting the lamps and being off, was nothing else but trying to make light of the matter, and get off the best way he could. It availed him not; no more than the turning and re-turning, the rising up and starting forward of one, who being wounded by a ball or an arrow unextracted, bears the one or other with them, do what they may—go where they will.

"Hæret lateri lethalis arundo."

Thus it was with the half false, half attached lover: the carriage seemed scarcely to move, although it went at a very brisk rate; silence and a change of subject was alternated; but the former came back always in a gloomy form. The approach of town was most welcome.

CHAPTER IX.

COUNTESS SAN FLORENZO'S CONCERT AND BALL.

"Oh, how small wit, in this time—lessen'd age!—
 Can buy for men the witness of renown!
 Oh, how large envy, with a viper's rage,
 The brow of merit 'reaveth of its crown!
 That men, whom all hereafter shall disown,
 The dregs of time, and vile oblivion's prey,
 Hold in large fee the world, and, overblown
 With empty thoughts, grow lavish with decay."

LORD THURLOW.

THE friends arrived in town, the important affair of dress was accomplished, and at the appointed time they repaired to Lady Lydia's house; from whence they proceeded to the Square, not a hundred miles from Bond Street, where the amiable Countess holds her court of *virtù*.

Lady Lydia took young Greenlaw under her charge, as an introductress, for more reasons than one,—he was young, good-looking, rich, well-born, and in the Guards; and what portals of fashion could be shut against such qualifications? His dress and address, *ton* and presentability, made him an acquisition to any brilliant party as a foreground figure; not to mention the importance of the book of numbers in meetings of high life, where multiplication looks well in the suite of apartments thrown open for reception, and in the equally important columns of a newspaper, open as day to *inspection*. Those who give great parties have more interests to consult, more persons to satisfy and please, more allies to employ and subsidize, than the vulgar are aware

of. There is, first, quality to attract, gentry to associate with them without offending pride, public characters to court for the sake of notoriety ; secret intrigues and histories to get acquainted with, lest uncongenial bodies might be brought into contact or collision ; professional people to employ and pay, and that too with gracefulness, and an attention not to hurt their susceptibility ; some rivals to start fairly, and others to keep apart for fear of raising jealousy, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness ; the press to soften down, reporters to gain, retain, and preserve, and, lastly, the police to guard the haunts of pleasure from intrusion and plunder ; albeit though when cards form the standing dish of the bill of fare, plunder of another kind may be allowed—but the predatory war must be waged by chiefs of the highest mark and name. Now, in addition to all these weighty matters, the Countess, who was accounted among the *conocenti* and *diletanti*, had to draw together people of various talents. These were like the rays emanating from her resplendence, and she felt that she shone among them. Young Greenlaw's passport to her party was grounded on and stamped by fashion, and countersigned by his gay and fair introductress. His friend was his shade, (great men have many, witness, for example, *Mæcenæ et umbræ* ;) he also was a convenient drawer off of notice from the titled widow, and a most desirable arm-giver and attention-payer to the lovely Maria, on whom her lady patroness cast a doubtful and jealous eye, anxious that she should not be thought too little of, nor made too much of ; that she should not engross too much admiration, nor be wholly lost in the throng.

The concert had begun, a piece of fine instrumental music was nearly in its midway progress. An *entrées* has always a bad effect on such occasions ;

but elegant *amateurs* know how to qualify this by a kind of tiptoe pacing in, by something that looks as if it meant "*zitto, taisez vous,*" "hush! mind me not," and the like; whereas it means no such thing; to be unobserved, passed by, or neglected, would be abominable; but then all this manoeuvring, this shaking of the head in prohibition of being noticed by admiring beaux, or a taper finger applied to a coral lip, with a glove which many a Romeo fain would represent or be identified with,—

"That (*he*) might give a touch unto that cheek ;"

and a splendid bracelet over the wrist, terminating in lily hand—all this, we repeat it, (and a most momentous affair it is) tends to exhibit high breeding, taste for music, gentleness of disposition, and an exquisite imitation of humility. In spite of these preliminaries, the introduction passed off in the usual way; the Countess and her Ladyship were charmed to see each other; although the latter was no friend to the Countess, whether from envy, or what other motive, matters not: she was one of those who admired the Count, and used to observe, with a turn-up of the nose, that Miss Thingembob was too lucky to get such a man; whilst more than one male gossip would cry, "A lucky dog indeed! —an Italian adventurer to dance himself into such a fortune!" It would not require much trouble to find out the *motive* of this. Widows and unmarried ladies look not with an approving eye on those who have handsome, titled, or talented spouses; whilst those who bowed and scraped at these very parties, would have been glad to have taken *more steps* than the Count for the funded coin, the India stock and bonds, together with the house in the Square, etc., etc. The fact is, that, in spite of all the efforts of

detraction, merit will find its level, and truth will be out; and *en dépit* of the tittle-tattle of nabob's gold, a cross-breed, counterfeit quality, the bend sinister in the nabob's arms, and the like, together with all the contradictory *on dits* respecting Count San Florenzo, he is acknowledged by his countrymen, and indisputably proved, to be descended lineally and legitimately from a *Duca e Principe*. His brother lives in magnificence, and keeps a large stud of horses; he is a well-bred polished nobleman, and served with our army with honour and credit to himself;—whilst the Countess, although grown into sleek rotundity, and no more the dancing *Miss* which she was once denominated, is virtuous, kind-tempered, and eminently accomplished as a musician, a dancer, a linguist, and as one of superior mental acquirements.

To the grand concerto,—which was highly relished by the judges of music present, and more praised by those who had neither ear nor taste for sweet sounds,—(and of these there are many: some have ear enough, by which a certain dumb animal is recognised, but no taste; others have plenty of taste, bad or good, but their own, but no ear for melodious notes; these, however, like the hired mourners mentioned by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*, are more demonstrative of feeling than those who really are moved by musical effect)—To the instrumental music aforesaid, succeeded the vocal art—that which approaches nearest to the heart, and awakens our passions and sympathies, and is most intimately connected with

“ The hidden soul of harmony.”

The strength of the Opera was here enlisted, and the vocal part of the concert was admirable. In

the course of the night, the Countess exhibited her excellence on the harp, and was much praised by the circle formed around her. Time was when the aspiring Count used to hang on her notes, (not her bank-notes, polished reader,) with enchanted ear; but now good breeding forbade him to draw near the spot; *l'usage du monde* prohibited such a procedure; moreover, it would be too much for a husband in high-life to be always *harping upon the same string*: this might do for the *boutiquaires* of the East, but would be scouted by the inhabitants of the West end of the town.

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conducted his belle to the room where his friend and the object of his attentions were parading their gracefulness. Maria smiled at the seeming success of her patroness, as she passed by. A contented smile lighted up the features of her Ladyship. Our hero lost not a cubit of his natural stature, now improved by being well set up by the Adjutant, and still more exalted by approving beauty. His comrade, in touching his elbow *en passant*, pronounced the two letters *M. A.**

"What does he mean?" gently accented Lady Lydia. "Why," (a little confusedly,) "no doubt, Military Ardour, purporting that"—a pause—"it must be so—

'None but the brave deserve the fair.'

Her Ladyship smiled one of her warmest smiles. "Oh! Dryden to wit: yes, I understand you; I remember the lines—

'Happy, happy, happy pair;—

the same, no doubt: ha! ha! not bad."

True; but our Exquisite did not fully comprehend all the force of this. There was a good deal of female generalship in bringing in this quotation:

* What a powerful engine a hint may be made of! We remember the fate of a suitor being decided in four letters in the box of a theatre. One young lady telegraphed to another on the back of a ticket, *M. E.?* meaning, *Est il aimé?*—the other returned the answer, *NO*; and he was rejected. But we also witnessed a more powerful hint:—A young officer, who expected his regiment to be ordered to the West-Indies, and had a mind to exchange, wrote a letter to his father, a military man also: the only answer was a blank cover, in which the old soldier enclosed a *white feather* picked out of his pillow. The son immediately took the hint, and went out with his regiment. After this he distinguished himself in a number of engagements, and turned out an excellent officer: personal courage he never was deficient in—climate was all that he dreaded. He fell afterwards at Waterloo, much regretted.—Thus can a small hint deter, animate, or rally, if dexterously managed.

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Thus it is on the dramatic stage. On that of life the case is just the same.

"The ball was good, but the supper very defective at Lady Belamour's," is the sentence pronounced by one guest. "The supper was admirable at the Nabob's, but the music was *pas grande chose*; poor Sir Roderic Potherpore is no judge of music, and he leaves these matters to his groom of the chambers, who pockets what he can, and gets the humblest performers, and every other thing but the *table-ware* as cheap as he can, for Sir Roderick is a man of appetite, but not of taste." These are the thanks which a man gets, who, after exhausting his constitution in making a fortune, is expending that fortune to entertain idlers and pampered satirists, who, like vermin, live upon those who are bit by them.

"Countess San Florenzo's party was superb, but there was too much foreign manner in it, too much fiddle-faddle, too much self," was the critique of a handful of unsatisfied visitors, who go backbiting from house to house.

Should this volume fall into the hands of the Countess San Florenzo, these truths may not be of disservice to her: she may reflect on the lines which introduce the chapter, and apply them not only to many frequenters of her parties, but of those with whom she is constantly in the habit of meeting. Did her temper and spirit animate all her circle, it would be said of her parties, that

"Fine forms alone shall visit there,
With gentle voice and soften'd mien;
Nor cold distrust, nor pride severe,
Nor selfishness, shall there be seen!"

But those who throw their houses open to the many will be repaid for their hospitality by the few,—*c'est ainsi partout*.

In two or three days all remembrance of the party faded away, and gave place to another house-opening.

newer and more sumptuous: which again dissolved itself into the nothingness of oblivion, and mingled with the tide of pleasure, which carries its votaries down its stream; or was like a melting vapour in the sun, which glitters its little moment in the ray* and is no more thought of after. So it will be with all vapours and vapourers of every texture, conformation, and appearance; thus they will invariably find it to the end of life's chapter. Which (*par parenthèse*) puts us in mind of turning over a new leaf, and of commencing a fresh chapter: a duty that would be equally beneficial to the vapourer to do, as well as ourselves: which shall be performed with as much celerity as the exit of the late Lord Bellamont's footman in disgrace, when his refined and eloquent master exclaimed, doubtless with an action which was suited to the words,—

“Catiff evaporate!!!”

* We gratefully acknowledge our owing the simile of the melting vapour to Captain Morris, formerly of the Life Guards; we extracted it from two very poetical lines of one of his excellent songs;—

“Griefs like melting vapours fly,
When Beauty's sun-beams warm me.”

CHAPTER X.

THE COMPANY.

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora."—— OVID.

WHEN the blaze of lights and the glittering of lustres, the lamp-supporting statues and candelabra, together with the only emblem of reflection in the abodes of fashion (the mirrors,) added to marble tables, alabaster, jasper, gilding, and the costly and tasteful drapery of hangings, gold fringe, china vases, and emblematical clocks, ornamented with or molu and studded with turquoise, in addition to many warmly breathing pictures—the *spiranti colori* of the Roman and Flemish schools, convert a sober brick building, fronted with stone, or more probably with Roman cement; into a Temple of Venus, or a modern Pantheon in miniature,—it is not surprising that the animated statues, living lights, and speaking portraits under the roof should partake of some degree of metamorphosis also. Time changes many; but the mutations of dress are more numerous and greater. By this the faded flower is revived into freshness; the pale cheek assumes a rosy tint; the errors which Dame Nature has bestowed on some forms vanish before art; the iron-gray of fifty boasts glossy jet, auburn, or golden tresses, and age is put to flight: which justifies a certain intelligent Swiss traveller, who asserted, that he traversed all England without meeting an old woman in high life. Again,

for one beauty which we meet with in broad day, we encounter a score by taper, torch, and lamp-light ; for which reason the Italian proverb holds good :

“ Ni donna, ni tela,
Non comprar a la candela.”

Nay we may follow Ovid farther in his metamorphoses, when we contemplate more than one Daphne, pursued in her youth by a suitor, and now standing, as an evergreen, in spite of many a winter having passed over her head, like a laurel in a hot-house of conservatory ; when we behold many an Actæon, not however made such by the Goddess of Chastity ; and have to pity more than one Narcissus, who owes his ruin to his vanity, and to having a *pretty* face. So much for those who living have preserved their good looks, or found in the arcana of the dressing-room what father Time has deprived them of. As to those who have yielded to the despoiler, “ Peace,” we say, to their manes, or living remains—*le beau reste* of a quondam fascinatress. And here we hang up the votive wreath to the once lovely Lady C——, the overblown Marchioness of ——, the Duchess of ——, and Lady C. C——, who now is, like the conversion of *Io in vaccam*, turned into a very Lady Bull in folio. But to return to the *beau monde* of this dazzling assembly.

There were not at it so strong a muster of the Peerage as at Lady Lydia Languish’s party : ribands and stars did not occur in such numbers ; Ministry was not present to give the last high varnish to the newspaper flourish ; neither were there any officers of the old or new Tenth Hussars there, Elegant Extracts of Prince’s mixture ;—there was a sprinkling of the Guards which embellished the moving picture, and an abundance of foreign Nobility with orders and distinctions—the badge of bravery or the appendages

of nobility dangling at their button-hole ; three Princes and Dukes, Counts and Viscounts, *Excel-lenzas*, and Chevaliers. Nor was there a less variety of languages passing through the halls and apartments, than there were of nations present at this meeting of rank and *bon ton*. We will not say a word of female voices ; not a syllable about a confusion of tongues ; not a hint of reference to the Tower of Babel in days of yore ; but assert that, except on the Royal Exchange, we never witnessed a greater variety of speech and dress than in the Countess's painted and other chambers. Nor was it astonishing that it should be thus ; a rout is a place of meeting, of rendezvous, and a perpetual exchange of engaging looks, mutual urbanities, and reciprocal attentions ; the only difference is, that on 'Change the object is business, whilst here the end proposed is pleasure ; and that the dresses of the mercantile crowd are descriptive of their countries, whilst here the variety consisted in the efforts and exertions of taste, expense, et *le désir de plaire*. In one saloon was to be heard, '*Servo suo, Signora Principessa, umilissimo servo suo, Signor Generale, come se chiama quella bellissima Signorina ?*' In another drawing-room you might feel the effects of the Spanish Embassy and its accompanying followers ; and, *Muy bien, poderoso senor, obligato senor caballero ;*" and (speaking of a passing Grace) "*E hermosa, e muy bonita,*" came from every quarter. The room leading to the orchestra represented an adjournment of a Paris party, and nothing but "*Enchanté de vous voir, que vous êtes belle ce soir, une femme superbe !*" and "*à vous rendre mes devoirs,*" were to be picked up in the conversational line. Indeed, it was a relief to hear any language spoken in its purity and integrity, and honestly by itself alone, without the alliance of other foreign powers. The ordinary mo-

nologues, colloquies, and many-tongued harangues in fashionable parties, are composed of a British groundwork, upon which ornamental figures are embroidered of foreign texture : if a phrase be half French and half English, the auditor may think himself very fairly dealt with ; for how can he expect from a person of distinction, or high fashion, a whole phrase in the vulgar tongue ? The elegant mixture is a predominance of French, occasionally supported by Italian ; or, indeed, any thing but plain English, or any of the dead languages. (These last are only sported by young men lately arrived from both universities, or from persons of the learned professions, who are not accounted drawing-room furniture.) At the same time that we bow down respectfully to this national improvement in speech we also congratulate the fashionable world on an equal improvement in action, which has even reached beyond Temple-bar, where, formerly, anti-gallican shoulders could not even be lessoned into a shrug.

In the foremost rank of quality, and at the head of a legion of beauties, stood a certain Ambassadorial Princess—for the *corps diplomatique* was *en force* here : she seemed like a comet surrounded by bright, but lesser stars, and representing at one and the same time the planet Venus and the Evening star—for she was that evening's luminary of admiration ; as many glasses were raised and levelled at her as ever were poised at an eclipse. Near her was Mars :—find him out who will ; he cannot easily be mistaken. The Northern Bear shone in the Duke of Glentilt ; whose second son, however, is one of the pearls of fashion which occasionally surround the crown. Another female Excellence was situate (so it is now called) near to the seat of command, and boasted the Princely honours of her husband also. Three daughters of Peers represented the

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he made no great figure; although nothing backward or modest as a public orator, and a regular *finder out of farlies* against the Treasury benches. The Dandy Chief was much missed as a dancer and a *beau*: he had awarded the palm, more than once, to the Countess's dancing abilities in her unmarried and dancing days. Two or three of the dandy court alone remained as visitors of the house, and even these seemed as if times had altered with them. —A sprig of Divinity was often perceived reclining against a pillar, or seated *solo*, not very unlike to—

“Patience on a monument smiling at grief.”

The Countess had been a sincere friend to him through life; and it was considered by some, that, if he had played his cards well, his situation would have been far different from what it was; but he let slip the golden age, which blooms full often for many a one who allows it to go unheeded by, and has to regret it afterwards for many a day and year.

The Reverend is of a noble family, of a good person, and a good fellow; but who, being early smitten by the taper ankle of one of the *corps du ballet*, made the *pas grave* of matrimony, without *balancé*-ing one moment; and was *chassé*-d by his best friends, or rather, by those who called themselves so; and thus gave up all his brightest prospects. He is not the first, or only one, who has been enamoured of a delightful figure of a dancer; one who keeps up the Ball with much *eclat*, honour, and dignity, is an example of the contrary;—but then a foreign name gives a better colouring to the article, and a marvellous tale adds interest to a paragraph on the subject; whereas Madame is British-born; and her papa, from being a *puff* in the days of hair-powder, and one in the *tensorial* line of

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cated by the admiration and notoriety which this adventure procured him. It was whispered in high circles, and talked of at the regiment, so that he was dubious how to pursue his present perilous progress, and how to extricate himself with honour from the difficulties which environed him.

Thus it is that many a philandering flutterer flits round the flame, endangering the peace of mind of one party, and risking his own safety and happiness through life. Affairs of honour and legal processes press about him in menacing attitude; and the chance is equal if he escape unhurt, or burn his wings by his temerity. Just as he is ruminating on all these matters, and casting his eye on a newspaper *on-dit*, adroitly managed, and such as often promotes and pushes on conjugal and less binding alliances—just as two duels and swinging damages in different causes struck his memory and froze his young blood, the orderly and orderly-book were announced, and the latter pointed out a field-day for the following morning. What a pity that it should come just on the very next morn succeeding a masquerade,* where promise had been given to attend! True; but duty must not be forgotten;—besides, he began to take a liking for his profession, and much regarded and esteemed his brother officers, whose example had greatly improved him. He had the colours, too, to carry for the first time. This was, as it ought to

* We are quite aware that masquerades have greatly fallen off of late years, both in interest and in the quality of the attendants. The days when an heir-apparent used to honour the Pantheon, Opera-House, Ranelagh, &c., with his presence, and when rival duchesses in beauty and vogue were constant frequenters of the masquerade, are gone by. The noctes Londinenses, which received such support from the wit of Tom Sheridan and others, who were noted good characters in a masquerade, (not forgetting Sir Lamley Skeffington,) have also passed away. But rendezvous are occasionally made at these places, and high parties go for a whim, as they may to Astley's or any Summer theatre, once or twice in the season.

be, considered as a high honour. *Eh bien!* he would attend Lady Lydia and the masquerade, and be present at the field-day without going to bed. This was in some shape,

"Partager ma vie entre la Gloire et vous."

CHAPTER XI.

A FIELD DAY, AND OTHER GENERAL MATTERS.

—————"The plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue—————
—————"The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."
SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning, our hero handed Lady Lydia to her carriage, and returned to the ready-furnished house which he had taken, (for he had just left the Hotel.) The faithful friend followed with Maria; and it was agreed that he should accompany his comrade home, and, after two hours' sleep upon a couch, take a warm bath and dress for the field-day. These were young soldiers: some of those who were acquainted with the bivouac, would have considered this a most luxurious night's quarters.

The hour arrived for the officers' falling in with their respective companies. The comrades galloped down to the parade, dismounted, drew swords,

and were about to take their posts: the regimental colour was to be delivered to young Greenlaw, as junior ensign. He would have been prouder of the King's colour, which seniority would soon procure; but even the regimental colour imposes a weighty duty on the bearer of it: it represents the corps of which he is a member, identifies the *signifer* or standard-bearer with its honour, interest, and glory; honour and it must be saved together; and wherever the British flag, whether St. George's banner, the Union, or regimental colour, floats in the air, they are to be considered, like the *Panache of Henri Quatre—l'Enseigne de la Victorie*.

Colonel Leadon took occasion, in complimenting the young subaltern on his carrying the colours for the first time, to observe how honourable a situation the standard-bearer's was, from the era of Roman glory, when the carrier of the Eagle, the *aquilifer*, was highly respected, down to the present day; and he reminded him of Buonaparte's motto for the flag attached to the standard—

“*Valeur et discipline !*”

—no bad lesson; but failed not to remark that our national motto,

“*Dieu et mon Droit,*”

includes every thing.

There are two descriptions of Ensigns which it is painful to see: the latter, however, never occurs in the Guards, and the former have a fault which is mending every day: the individuals are, beardless short boys, buckled on to a sword, and holding England's meteor flag like a monkey playing with a quaterstaff; and gray-headed subalterns, either risen from the ranks, or kept back by poverty, and thus commanded by young men not arrived at years of discretion. Of the first class, we knew a boy, who, when mounted on horseback in uniform, really look-

ed like General Jacko bestriding a bear, and the dirty children of Edinburgh used to cry out on perceiving him,

"The puggy and the boar,
Never seen before."

Nevertheless this same subaltern was one of the finest young men in the brigade of troops quartered in and about this capital—and that before he attained his twentieth year. And, touching the aged subalterns of the line, his late Royal Highness of York, with his paternal feeling for the comfort and honour of the service, prevented, as much as possible, the existence of ancient ensigns, and meliorated the lot of officers who could not purchase; for which just and benevolent act, the gallant officer, unprovided with worldly pelf, may say to his shade—

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

The field-day was long to officers who had been up nearly all night, or who had passed from the ball-room or gaming-table; but it was not too tedious to a number, who aspired to high military renown, and who were fond of their profession. And now see a score of handsome officers march to the regimental barracks, return swords, fall out, and scamper home to their lodgings or houses. "Handsome is that handsome does" is a vulgar adage—and a very vulgar one it is: beauty and bravery are not at variance with each other, but quite the reverse; every Colonel is proud of having a handsome regiment; nevertheless he is equally proud of its good conduct and discipline everywhere and in every possible place. The Guards have always possessed a handsome body of officers: nor can it be wondered at, where the first families and the most elegant young men of the king-

dom have so many inducements for entering the brigade ; among which the obtaining military rank appertaining exclusively to the Guards, must be deemed the highest imaginable attraction to such as wish to ascend to the summit of their profession.

After certain civilities and mutual acknowledgments between officers of the corps at parting at the barracks, young Greenlaw and Bramblewood walked off arm in arm, together with a few more young officers, who were invited to breakfast. The Colonel asked the former to breakfast with him, but he apologized for two reasons—first, because he had invited some of his comrades ; and next, because the Colonel very frequently after breakfast conversed an hour on military tactics ; turned over his fine collection of maps ; and went over the seat of war, both of the Republican and Buonapartean era. To breakfast with the Colonel, a man would require to be a good hand at drilling a regiment, and a respectable mathematician : now, as few men read professionally until they find the necessity for it, the young hands had no taste for the Colonel's coffee, seasoned by a military lecture.

A splendid *dejeuné à la fourchette* was spread for the military party, at which our hero produced his collection of pipes, snuff-boxes, French trinkets, and breed of spaniels ; he also prevailed upon his guests to accompany him to his stables to inspect his fine stud, produced all his sporting tackle, and made a number of little presents, which gained him popularity. In truth, now that he had turned a little more reasonable, and more assimilated to his regiment, he had become a great favourite in the corps.

Before the morning party broke up, the Adonis-like looking Subaltern engaged his friend to breakfast with him next : "I cannot give you such a repast as you have," added he, "for I only occupy a

first-floor in New Bond-street, with a brace of servants—a man and a groom-boy; but you shall have some Kipper salmon and cold moor-fowl from Scotland; and I may perhaps show you and our comrade Bramblewood something which may please you.”

They accepted the offer, and were surprised at finding a splendid collection, not of books, but of authors; and a numerous assortment of rare and expensive arms, both foreign and of British manufacture;—Indian spears, arrows, match-lock guns, crossbows, Damascus and Solingen blades, a real Andrea-Ferrara broadsword, a rapier and Toledana from Spain, a stiletto; together with guns and pistols of admirable workmanship. The taste for study, and for military science, which this young man possessed, convinced our novice, for the first time, that manly beauty is not absolutely, although very frequently, an impediment to mental improvement; and that the perfection and moderate ornament of the person are not incompatible with intelligence, and the pursuits of science and literature.

At about one o'clock breakfast was over, (an early hour for our Exquisite,) and every one went his own way, and took his own path of pleasure:—some evinced their skill as dexterous whips, with a pair or four horses; some ascended the humble tilbury to make morning calls at the club and billiard-table, tennis and fives-court, to try guns and pistols at the celebrated Joe Manton's, or to attend the Horse Bazaar, Tattersal's, and some auction frequented by the purchasers of rare pictures, porcelaine, or jewelry; while others mounted their prancing steeds, and displayed their persons in all the places of elegant afternoon resort, (previous to dinner, be it understood;) or lolled in a cabriolet, with a fast-trotting horse, with which assignations might be kept, the *beau monde* might be contemplated *incog.*, and a loan

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He put her glove to his lips. "I wish you had said '*For my sake!*'"

"Well I do, if that will make you happy."

"Decidedly so!" and he put spurs to his Arabian.

"Upon my soul," said his friend in a severe tone, "this is too much! it is unhandsome to this lady, and shameful on Emma's account!"

"They manage these matters much better in France, my dear fellow; and now I wish you good day." They wheeled about, and separated.

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Honneur aux Dames.

CHAPTER XII.

A LECTURE ON FLIRTATION IN GENERAL ; A SUNDAY SCHOOL ; AND AN EVENT.

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pearance, but, unfortunately for its originality, it had been said sixty years ago by Beau Nash, the master of the ceremonies at Bath, (that ancient *arbiter elegantiarum*,) when a countess wished him to allow the dancing to continue after midnight; the inflexible Nash, however, made the *rule absolute*. It was the same thing with the dipping and skimming round Fashion's stream; this was equally borrowed. He stole it from an admirable song of Morris's, but which, instead of making metaphors in favour of constancy, turns his simile the very contrary way; the lines are—

" My Muse, whene'er her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;
But o'er the bowl will dip and fly,
Like swallows round a lake.
For me, the lighter head I wear,
The lighter hangs my chain,
And this I hold a reason clear
To fill my glass again."

These lines, however, are too nervous for the namby-pamby of flirtation, coquetting, philandering, or whatever the *beau monde* may prefer calling it; nay, their tendency did not suit the present purposes of this gay deceiver.

Half an hour after the appointed time for Lady Languish's dinner, her *soi-disant fidel berger* arrived. He never could keep to time; not even love or vanity could bring him to it: an inveterate and invariable habit of keeping people waiting, or of coming in the last at a dinner, or at any party whatsoever, gained him the nickname (in time) of the *late* Captain Greenlaw. He made the usual trifling excuses for his want of punctuality, when his amiable hostess observed, "It is a mere trifle, a few minutes, a thing that an *indifferent* person would not have perceived, —but—(languishingly)—" *C'est une éternité pour l'amour.*"

Her Ladyship had been most unmercifully dunned on the Saturday; she had even had Sunday calls; her brother had refused her a tenth loan, and gave her a very lengthy lesson on the subject of her expenditure: he blamed her also for breaking off with Sir John Jogtrot, their county member, after all but fixing the day. Her reason was his having *only* four thousand per annum, while her present lover had five times as much in expectation; and she would be not over-nice in running him into debt during his father's life: particularly as she thought that she could get him into the house, and so see out the old gentleman before the next session; for when great people are in debt and in expensive habits, they think nothing of *seeing out* the relations from whom they have to inherit, nor (if backed by a Peerage or a seat in the Lower House) of seeing in—to prison, or the workhouse, their needy creditors who are most pressing. In addition to the misery of duns, she had no ready cash to carry on the war with, and she had exhausted all her ammunition of promises to get tradesmen's sons provided for in the revenue, (the Peace having cut off the rich resource of the navy and army,) or of getting their children into the Blue-coat School. It is true that she had fulfilled some of these promises, having family and personal interest,—for who can refuse a pretty woman, nobly born, an accomplished female professor of the art of enchantment, and the best and most expensively dressed woman in town? But for one promise which she had performed, she had broken half a dozen, and thus made many enemies, and drew down severe rebukes, harsh threats, and unmannerly epistles.

Thus desperately pushed, she had only a husband or the Continent to choose between; nay, it required money to go to the Continent, and her annuity was

now received by her creditors: besides, she could not bear the *exposé* of her carriages and horses being sold after her departure, even if she got an appraiser to advance her the price of her furniture on a Saturday evening, previous to a (not very unusual) Sunday's departure, with four horses, a hired travelling carriage, and a man and maid in the confidence of the party escaping, and who may betray their trust, or, if they keep it, become saucy and insatiable ever after. A husband would be the effectual and legitimate means of building up her dilapidated finances, which were now so low, that she actually hired her *own* jewels from a person with whom they were pledged: she was, notwithstanding, so good a general, that not one soul of her acquaintance knew, nor even suspected her real circumstances. She regulated her operations with such consummate skill, that none but her creditors were acquainted with the strength of her purse: just as an able commander of an army makes such demonstrations of giving battle as keep the enemy in fear of a general attack, at the very moment when the skilful tactician is retreating in good order; or as an experienced old spendthrift orders a new house to be built, or his park to be enlarged, while he retires, with this happy deception, in the front of the enemy, and takes up a strong position in the dominions of his Most Christian Majesty.

Lady Lydia had not yet come to entertaining money-lenders, nor to making unbecoming condescendences to her tradespeople; neither did she owe more than a year's wages to her servants, who made large gains and perquisites, not directly from her purse, but indirectly through her medium; to wit, from the well-furnished cellar and larder, from visitors and card-money, as well as in presents from fresh tradesmen, anxious to be employed, and in the

drawback upon every article of the house-consumption. Thus, often are the domestics rich while their employers are ruined ; and such is the elastic and extending conscience of the former, that they consider all this as *fair game* : they are the most clamorous and vituperating of all the master's or mistress's creditors ; and " It is a hard and shabby thing," (they tell all the world,) " to defraud a *poor* servant of his or her wages," although *faithful* John can afford to give a thousand pounds for the goodwill and lease of the sign of the Two Pigeons, (my lord and my lady, no doubt,) besides putting in furniture, ale, wine, beer, gin, corn-brandy, compounds, and other *combustibles* ; and although we find Mrs. Flottant just set up (after the flight of the family,) in an extensive boarding-house, or letting expensive lodgings in some of our watering-places.

There was not a moment to be lost by the widow : she accordingly resolved on bringing her swain to an unequivocal explanation—" He must *declare* himself," as marrying misses and intriguing mammas say, and who are sadly mortified if a renegade flirt insipidly reply, " I *declare* I do not understand you."

She wanted, at the same time, to marry off Maria ; and the better to accomplish her views, she resolved on first adopting that stimulating kind of conduct, which, aided by the sparkling glass, might move a rock ; and secondly, if this failed, she had in reserve the power of jealousy, which she would excite by flirting with Sir John at the Sunday-school ; and lastly, if the ingrate declared off, (a thing which she believed to be impossible,) she might perhaps still get the Baronet, and borrow money of him in the mean while. The worst of all however was, that she had fallen into her own snare, so that she was now ac-

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carriage by the puny-looking boy in the Coldstream. "Tell your comrade," said she, in a sweet, persuasive tone, which fine women always have when, quitting the *imperative*, they resort to the *optative* mood,—“tell your comrade, when you see him, that I am very ill.”

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION.—HER PROSPECT OF THE MASQUERADE, AND AN ARRIVAL.

“*Res est solliciti plena timoris Amor.*”—OVID.

LADY Lydia's abilities in the cabinet might have fitted her for a ministerial employment; but she had unfortunately brought her heart into the field, and she had lost it. The draft for a thousand was now on her toilet-table; but the moneyed interest could not counterbalance the weight upon her spirits, which the fear of losing the man of her heart had imposed upon them. We leave it to the more skilful in these matters to decide why; but certain it is, that money commands not love, and that the paymaster—spouse or lover—loses ground before the winged idol, whose only notes are the promissory ones of an eternal flame,—a firm upon which I would advise novices in *arte amandi* not to place too much credit. Some pressing demands were satisfied, and the money disappeared, and with it all remembrance of the hand which lent it. Delicacy

forbade him to call for three or four days; and then Champagne, her tall footman, told Sir John, that "*Mi Ladi n'est pas visible*:"—neither were the means of payment. But if oblivion of one impression had taken off her powers of remembrance,—bitter regret, impatience, and anxiety, had taken possession of them at the same time.

She was about to write to her cruel one, when his friend Bramblewood called. "Let him in!" was accented from the staircase. He mounted *quatre à quatre*! Never was man so welcome. Maria's heart leaped in her bosom, and sparkled in her eye! Lady Lydia flew to meet him, with—"My dear *Grandison*, you are the very man I want. Now don't stop talking an hour to Maria; you know, that she esteems you. But where is Greenlaw? inhuman creature! When did you see him? What have I done to him? Does he never mean to see me? Will you call on him for me?"—Here she wept sincerely.

The kind-hearted Bramblewood was melted by this appeal. He forgot all her levity, all her coquetting, and saw nothing but lovely woman in distress,—that gentle being made to temper man, and of whom it is truly said and sung, that—

"There's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear."

He therefore, after striving to console her, set off with all possible haste to find his friend. He beheld him casting up a memorandum-book, which contained a lengthy list of losses at Brooke's, the Union, and other clubs, together with the nightly mischief at Crackpurse's. The moment he entered the apartment, he thus accosted him:—

"Upon my life, Herbert, I know not what to say first to you; whether to reprehend you severely for

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your heartless conduct to Emma, to lecture you for the evil you have done to Lady Lydia, or to advise you touching the rage for play, which is of late gaining such ground with you. The second subject, however, is the most urgent; and, as I am deputed to call upon you for an explanation on that head, I must begin there."

"I have lost many thousand pounds among them," replied the Guardsman, affecting to wave the subject; "and although my Governor gave me unlimited credit on his banker, the house, friendly to the old Gentleman, and astounded at my heavy drafts, has just notified to me, that they must write home before they make any farther advances. I shall therefore write to my mother, and assure her that all this has been lost in the first company; and I am sure that she will make it all right."

"I dare say she will; but how can you make all right?"

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

"How will you restore the bosom's peace to two injured women: one of them, the pearl of innocence, to whom your faith is plighted; the other a more artful being, who has fallen into her own toil, and has now become the victim of your criminal assiduities and false flattering tongue."

"Upon my soul, my friend, it requires some temper to listen to such strong language as this; and, *entre deux officiers* of so celebrated a corps, I have known gunpowder to be burned for much less."

"As you please touching that matter: but, previously to our meeting, be good enough to tell me what I am to say to Lady Lydia. She is in an agony at your neglect, and wishes to see you."

"Why, my brave fire-eater, I have not the least idea of fighting you; but you know I detest dry lessons. If her Ladyship is really sorry for flirting

with an ugly fellow, and so over head and ears in love with my unworthy self, tell her that I should be delighted to be reconciled, and that I will almost break my best horse's wind in galloping up to her house."

"Very well, Sir!"—and he was preparing to withdraw.

"Nay, now, my dear camarade, that is ill-natured. I am a mad-cap of a fellow; but I see my folly daily. Shake hands," (they did so,) "and I will be with my *adorata* in one hour from this moment, although now in my night-gown and slippers."

He went accordingly. On his appearing at the door of her boudoir, she held out her snowy hand like a flag of truce. It was impossible to renew hostilities after that. He therefore pressed it to his lips; and each said the finest things in the world, both in explanation and mutual kindness. The youth proposed a morning excursion, in which he was to be the Phaeton intrusted with the reins.* His fall was not similar to that of the imprudent daring youth in question; it was, however, only deferred to a future occasion. During the course of three turns up and down the Park, with the eye of examination on them, the subject of the delightful masquerade formed the main object of their conversation.

"How soon we found out Lord Horseman, in his fancy dress of a Spanish Cavalier," said the fashionable charioteer.

"A self-sufficient old *ci-devant beau*!" replied the happy Lydia. "One whom fortune has always favoured, and who is everywhere, and in every thing, either as a mute or as a make-weight. He began by running away with an heiress; next (in

* "*Inque diem alipedam jus et moderamen equorum.*"

our grandmother's days,) gave a splendid carriage, which cost above seven hundred guineas, to a famous courtesan, who had once enjoyed royal favour: then he got in succession a variety of posts of the first honour and importance in the State; and now, in the days of his age, he is in the Cabinet, the Senate, the Lieutenancy, high patronage, and it seems as if the ministerial wheel could not turn without him: thus, you see, it is better to be born lucky than wise."

"The next who came within our discovering eye," continued she, "was of a very different order of being. His selecting the dress of an Irish chieftain was rather ill-advised; he has no pedigree to boast of: and I remember, in a scurrilous paper, which made a list of ministerial running-horses, the mask in question was set down as *An Irish hack, Dam and Sire unknown*: but I can tell them, in the language of an eminent French author, (much as I stand up for family,)

"Qui sert bien sa patrie, n'a pas besoin d'ayeux."

The abilities of the Right Honourable George Classic are of a very superior mould: to a fancy the most adorned, and a genius the most delicate and refined, he unites a strong mind, and colossal intellectual powers; so that whilst he indulges in the flowers of rhetoric, which spring spontaneously from the rich soil of his imagination, he is a close reasoner, a graceful declaimer, and carries conviction and admiration together. I am told he is a very superior classic; I know that he is an elegant poet: his manners are easy and well-bred, and he possesses all the domestic virtues. I cannot say that I admire Madame as much as himself: her pride is excessive, and it would be well if she could borrow some of

her husband's temper; for, as to his amiability in private life, it is equal to his supereminence as a public character. Had he gone to the masquerade as Apollo, he would have been quite at home; his light would have shone forth as such; moreover, no one has been more attentive to the Muses and the Graces than himself:—or had he represented Ulysses, renowned alike for wisdom and eloquence, for persuasion and generalship, it would have done very well; but he was quite lost as an Irish chief, the merits of which character are entirely forgotten in our day."

"You say right, my dear Lady: by this light! you are as clever as you are beautiful."

"But shall you ever forget the two brothers, Billy and Jemmy, coming in *en Domino*, without their masks; and the attack made upon them by one of the writers of the Age? 'I know ye both,' said the wit; 'although you have put on those ugly masks. Why, Sir William Turtle, you ought to have assumed the character of Bardolph, and your brother that of Ancient Pistol, or the Ghost of the Departed Elephant, whose proboscis you certainly have got, instead of coming here as gentle dominos like other people; for you are of a peculiar race, which, by the way, might make you very useful to a market-gardener: the one to exhibit that astonishingly preposterous cucumber in representation of a nose, the other to look over it, and with the inflammation of his countenance to bring it to that most astounding maturity.—By the way, the Knight is the most amusing fellow of the two; he says so many *bright* things—such as the bright enigma upon *sparrowgrass*; his toast when the ladies wore short waists, viz.—'The present fashion, plenty before us, but no waste;'"—with many other things equally talented. Then, *he never knows nothing* about the matter;

never stands no nonsense in the House, but gives his vote there plump outright, upright and downright, as a body may say. An illustrious personage can only find amusement in him, as Henry the Fifth used to be entertained at the oddities of Sir John Falstaff, and Bardolph too."

"Ha! ha! ha!—admirable, by Juno!"

"We were a long time," resumed Lady Lydia, "annoyed by the stupidity of Mr. Cives, before we could make him out: to be sure, his disguise as an old English gentleman puzzled one, naturally. As for the Englishman, he certainly is so, but the gentleman sat uneasily on him: if he would stick to the Cit, he would be a decent sort of fellow, but he must come out with nobility; and *les nobles* make a butt of him. He has pride enough to court high company, but not sufficient to disdain being an object of newspaper, or gaming-table ridicule. These commercial men will get into our society; and it inevitably occurs, that they burn their fingers somehow or other. Cives takes care of his cash, but he is quite forgetful of what he otherwise owes to himself."

"Who was our fat friend whom you honoured with an acknowledgment, and who was hanging on the arm of a Scotch duke?"

"Let me see—oh! that was Lord Newmarket, a man who was born a Baronet, but stepped into the peerage by succession to a cousin. He made a high matrimonial alliance, and married into one of the most virtuous and noble families in the three kingdoms; but his rage for horse-racing will, I fear, ruin him in time; it makes his lady, a daughter of the Duchess of Oldstyle, very unhappy. Some people call him a good husband; others raise *on dits* respecting the widow of a foolish baronet, and sister to the bold and mad Lady Bannister. When his

Lordship was plain Sir ———, he was a much more rational being than at present.”—But at this moment the Duke of St. Ives passed by. “He, too, was at the masquerade, habited as a gentle shepherd,” exclaimed the fair widow; “and on his arm Mrs. Banco, as a gentle shepherdess.”

“Why, you don’t mean to insinuate that she expects to get a ducal coronet, *by hook or by crook*?”

“No; I think she is only vain of high company. If Mrs. Banco does right, she will preserve her independence. *Apropos*! what would some young Hussars give for the gentleman-like appearance of the mustachio on her upper lip!—and,” added the satirical lady, for her *portly* appearance.”

“*Portly*! by the God of War! I think she has a *rum* appearance: she looks like a puncheon full of that potent fluid—*exciseable*, by all that’s pretty!”

“But not *seizable*.”

“I don’t know; it would be a great seizure; a very rich prize—ha, ha, ha!”

The important hour of dressing-time arrived. The reconciled lovers were to meet again at an evening party; and strange to tell, the gay deceiver had got wiled into a certain degree of passion and *penchant* for the widow; which, for a whole fortnight, made him entirely forget Emma and *Lover’s Vows*. A variety of occupations amused his time, and he was in a kind of perpetual waking dream:—another day on Guard, where, the officers being all young, he was not bored by military tactics or learned conversation; the Clubs; Crackpurse’s; fresh credit on the banker’s, growing popularity, and town amusements. But if he was lulled into security and oblivion, the fair dame was in a very different situation; the thousand pounds were expended, and she wanted more. The Baronet was importunate in his morning calls, although *not* at home awaited him at every

visit : he was now becoming furious, and perceived that he was played upon. The lady, too, was growing *au désespoir* ; for in no meeting whatever would her *Berger* come to an explanation. The word wedlock, together with all allusions to the subject, were studiously avoided, or skilfully parried if brought on the tapis. Upon one occasion, he went so far as to treat the chains of Hymen with great levity and disrespect, by quoting the old hackneyed, but very dangerous maxim of Eloisa,—

“ Love free as air at sight of human ties,” &c.

to which he added the grand apology for wrong, in the flaming numbers of the Italian bard :

“ Si ’l peccar è sì dolce, il non peccar sì necessariò.”

Whether this was done as an experiment we know not, but it displeased mightily ; and qualify the matter how we may, it would be difficult to bestow morality or principle upon either quotation.

The disappointment arising from this want of decision on the part of the youth, although his attentions continued to be of the most marked and assiduous cast, nay, even although he had redoubled in *tendres soins*,—added to the *status quo* of the financial system, rendered a grand effort absolutely necessary. Her ladyship’s plate, but for the thousand pieces of the county member, would have been taken in execution ; and the not being able to meet another instalment payment would very shortly bring a fresh *exposé* : she therefore resolved on making a grand attack—she would write to her swain, and bring him at once to a declaration, or the giving up of her sweet society. She could assume an impassioned style as well as any one, and now she was in earnest about the matter. What facilitated this negotiation

greatly was, that young Bramblewood had explained himself fully to the fair object of his devotion, and had solicited her hand. The unmarried widow retired to her dressing-room, there to pen the important document ; and, at the same time, invited a large and brilliant circle to a last party, in which she had contrived to assemble every charm and witchery of which she was mistress.- Her lover would be there present, and he would have had a day to reflect on the contests of the epistle. This party would, probably, fix her lot ; and if unsuccessful, she had nothing for it, but to fly precipitately to the Continent.

The letter, and the invitation to what she called an impromptu, went together ; and within an hour after, an event of great moment to our hero took place. A courier arrived at the family house in the Square, and announced that Lady Gertrude was within a few miles of the capital. She would be an able minister of state ; her house would open to all that was great and fashionable. How to break to her his present dilemma would be difficult ; for, if she approved of the match, what was to become of Emma ? If she disapproved of it, what was to become of both ?

CHAPTER XIV.

PARTIES GIVEN BY PROXY.—THE TRICKS OF
THE HAUTE NOBLESSE.

“ Qui facit per alterum, facit per se.”

LATIN PROVERB.

“ Bon homme, bon homme !
Tu n'es pas maître dans ta maison,
Quand nous y sommes.”

FRENCH SONG.

THERE are certain men and women in town, who decidedly are not nouns substantive, for they can do nothing by themselves ; they have no will of their own, no ideas of their own, no taste of their own, no power *per se*, but depend entirely on some one or other to direct them ; and this *somebody*, whether male or female, *soi-disant* friend, adviser, prototype, tiger, or dependant, soon usurps the reins of government, and commands house, purse, conduct, and whole establishment. Such persons may be said to do every thing by proxy. But there are two classes of these proxy people ; weak idiots, who are led by some artful, interested, and designing companion ; and ambitious creatures, who, aware in some measure of their own insignificance, apply to a titled or a fashionable proxy, to regulate all the affairs of their house, their table, and their station in society. The first class is so imbecile, that a valet, a groom, a horse-dealer, a leg or coxcomb, can make them do what best suits the interest of each ; the moneyed block-head is bound to imitate the style, fashion, dress,

extravagance, and particular passion of the proxy. If he be an Exquisite, the copyist cannot put on a hat or a coat, without first studying the cut of the one, and the last fashion of the other; such as his original, his oracle, or his tiger wears. If the proxy be a drunkard, a gambler, a turf-man, a sporting-man, or an eccentric, the imitator must have the same passion; but it generally occurs, that the pilot of Folly's bark (who is sure to run it ashore after plundering it) has a taste for all those pastimes; and the moneyed man is sold to turf, fancy, gaming-table, taverns, horse-dealer, jeweller, and jilt, all by the proxy's recommendation. How was Pea-green Ane handled by his advisers, and by those whom he strove to copy and to outdo! How was he turned to account by love, (we do not mean Mr. Love* the jeweller,) by liquor, and by the rivalry of aping the great! And how many others, like him, have come to nothing from the same cause! But it is not of these unintellectual things, depending on others for support, backed by their own coin, that we shall have to treat; it is of rational simpletons, men of business and of property, of grave occupations, and placed decently in private life, who must soar above their means and sphere; and who throw themselves into a state of dependence, by way of climbing on the shoulders of a Peer, or a Right Honourable Lady, into a place in

* Pea-green Ane, Tom Cruz, and others, seemed to have most at heart the lavish expenditure of money. No mad and intoxicated tar could ever have a more decided itch for throwing money away, nor was Jack more ridiculous with his doxy, fiddler, and chaise and four, driving up and down to get to the end of his prize money, than Ane, the green-horn of would-be-fashion, was in dissipating his thousands. Conceive any thing more ridiculous than his ordering a dressing-case, the price of which was fifteen hundred pounds; and on Love's arriving in a chaise and four with the case, his asking if ever he made any thing so handsome or so expensive, which was answered by "Only one;" on which the spendthrift replied in a truly gentlemanlike manner, "— your eyes, Love, you must make mine cost more than that." We only wonder how adults with such conduct are kept out of Bethlem.

high life. Of this class was Mr. Transfer, the banker, where our young Guardsman was prevailed upon to go one night of this gentleman's opening his house, like a coffee-room, to the idler, or the rout-lover of fashion.

The banker, who, by-the-by, is a very good-natured man, would absolutely edge himself in among fashionables. He delighted to rub sleeves with the Peerage, to see My Lord in his card-rack, and My Lady at his supper-table ; therefore, well knowing that the shortest road to draw quality to his house and board, was to give expensive parties, set dinners, superb suppers, an aggregation and congregation of visitors, to amass crowds, and stifle them in brilliant rooms, (which is called pleasure,) he resolved on giving his parties, at which the female part of his family was delighted ; but then the difficulty was how to assemble a muster of good-looking names, (for there is a great deal in the look of a name in the fashionable article in the newspaper the day after a party ;) he must do it *per alterum*, for he could not do it *per se*. Most fortunately for the gratification of his ambition, he had the high honour and solid satisfaction of knowing a certain Scotch Earl, and a titled dame, (Lady Caro we will call her) : submitting all matters of taste into their hands, the good-tempered creature bethought himself of a plan, as he was handing a Viscountess into her carriage at his bank one morning, for he should vastly have liked to see her splendid equipage and long liverymen standing at his door in the form of a visit, instead of custom ; he, therefore, when he went to his private house, imparted his scheme to the female committee at home, and it was highly relished : it was this, to apply to Lady Caro, and to the lordly Scot, to take charge of his affairs entirely ; to do him the supreme honour and never-to-be-forgotten felicity of making

his house their own, and, by condescending to allow him to be the nominal giver of parties, make him an empty and mere Co. in the concern, whilst they should actually dispose of his habitation as a *rendezvous* and a convenience to their numerous elegant acquaintance. Lady Caro and the Peer, with that obliging affability which they so eminently possess, acceded to his terms ; and in a short time his house was filled with rank and fashion, not one of his guests being acquainted with *l'homme de la maison*, for my Lord and her Ladyship had literally *carte blanche*, and issued the good man's tickets for him, filled up with such names as they thought proper. The selection must be judicious, with such heads to make it !—and the banker's head was nearly turned at beholding, by the aid of a blaze of lights, such *lots* of coronets drive up to his door : he was so beside himself with joy, that the dream of his greatness lasted all the next day, and he made a dozen mistakes at his banking-house, striking great people's balances the wrong way, and looking out in the Court Calendar for a calculation of interest : he addressed his head clerk as My Lord, and was so absent as to call out to his cashier, who was telling out change for a bank note, "It is your Ladyship's deal ;" so that it was much dreaded that he was a candidate for St. Luke's. He recovered, however, this fashion-fever, and his parties continued with much spirit, and were always very numerously attended ; for the tasteful firm of Lady Caro and partner had thus an opportunity, not only of entertaining their circle gratis, and without trouble at their banker's, but they could also invite people there whom they might not have invited at home. What a scope of patronage this gave her Ladyship ; and what fun this was to the good Lord ! The banker, all the time, however, was not without anxieties and fatigues ; anxieties as to many

things going off well, and great fatigue in being introduced to, and in seeming acquainted with, the friends of those who held his proxy. In this embarrassment the ladies had their share : they were most eager to be known to Graces, Most Nobles, Right Honourables, and to Baronets' Ladies ; and, however mortifying it might be to them, it not unfrequently happened, that their guests passed them by with nodding plumes, and distant looks, and never took the least notice of them. These were not the only slights ; remarks and conversations were overheard, by no means flattering to those who had put themselves to great expense for persons who took not the least interest in them, and never made any return for their attentions. Some even cut them the next day,—overlooked them at the Opera, or made a half acknowledgment in the Park ; whilst the banker and domestic company were straining their necks to an agony, lest they should pass by any great person who had been at their party.

Nothing could equal the ease and the elegance, the unceremonious and *déagé* style of the titled proxies. "Oh ! Colonel, by the bye," would say his Lordship, "will you come to a *négociant's* party to-night ? All our friends will be there. The supper will be admirable, for I took care to order it myself, and the man will be most proud to receive you. Here, if you like, you may have half-a-dozen cards of invitation for yourself and friends." Then Lady Caro would stop a party of *beaux* with, "I want you to come to a man's parties which I patronize ; he is a banker, but a very civil fellow ; I order every thing my own way there, and I will invite whom you like to meet you." Here a Guardsman would attract her Ladyship's eye, and make a great favour of coming to the *bourgeois*' party. "I don't know the man, but I'll go to oblige you," would

he say. Then she would beckon a Lancer, and invite him as if to her own party; or she would engage a Tenth Hussar (i. e. one of the Tenth Hussars, to dance with some friend of hers, who would deign to accept the *invite* (as it is sometimes sillily called under conditions. "Well, if I must, I must, but *à condition* that you will not expect me to hold conversation with the *she* banker, nor put me at table near *the* family; not expect me to dance with any city people, nor to be bored with Monsieur. Pray could not I go there without knowing the man at all? And I say, will you vouch for the quality of the fellow's wines? for I was poisoned with a glass of spurious Tokay at a Knight's trumpery turn-out last week, and I swore that I never would go to half-fashionables any more; but this once, if you like, I shall quite consider myself your guest."

These little scenes, so *flattering* to a man entertaining politely and extravagantly, were very common: nay, even (so hard is the fate of those who give parties by proxy) in the very interior of the place of expense, the greatest indifference was manifested towards the party entertaining.

"Whose stranger are you, Sir George?" said Colonel Manly to his friend.

"Lady Caro's."

"And do you know the *homo* who gives the party?"

"Not I, unless it be the little mean-looking man near the door."

"Oh! that's not him; he is a better-looking *article of commerce* than that. I know him by sight, but have not spoken to him yet. I suppose I must by-and-by, for form's sake."

"Let me tell you," interrupted a third, "that he is a very decent fellow: I shall patronize him all the season; his suppers are first-rate affairs, and he

is not in the least troublesome. If he sees his house full of fashion, he is contented; and we all do what we please, and bring whom we choose. I myself am one of Lord ——'s invitation, and I have brought two more *sans façon*."

Little aware of this, the weak ambitious man, overpowered by the Peerage, the name of every Earl, Countess, Viscountess, Baron, and Right Honourable Lady echoing in his ear, was grateful to humiliation to his titled proxies, who thus took the trouble of inviting for him, and of dictating to him what he ought to do, and whom he ought to welcome to his house: and upon one particular occasion he came up to his directing patron, and humbly said, "My Lord, I am truly indebted to you for the assemblage of rank and fashion which you have drawn to my house to-night; I am quite overpowered by my feelings; and all that I can add is, that no pains or expense shall be spared on my part to merit a continuance of your favour." My Lord smiled, or rather grinned horribly a ghastly smile, for he is the ugliest *smiler* we know; and patting him on the back, as he would have done to his mouse-coloured Arabian, and which same patting, or rubbing down, is quite a legitimate practice, coming into fashion, it being purely Scotch, he assured him of his perfect approbation, and promised to bring him twice as many people to his next party, as there were present on that, which caused so great a sensation. The ladies of the bank presented their duties to the Right Honourable Directress, and were quite *emues* at being brought into such notice.

Thus continued the winter parties; and our reader will naturally ask, what was the end of them? The answer will not surprise them—a bankruptcy! —There are, nevertheless, a number of party-givers of the self-same stamp; and although their fortunes

may enable them to carry on this trading under neutral colours, yet they meet with another kind of bankruptcy—that of the heart, where disappointment, humiliation, neglect, and ridicule, will lacerate it in its most feeling part; for where passion swells, the agony of disappointment is severe indeed.

Minor maniacs (for this party-giving and money-spending per proxy is a complete mania) have a fashionable director or directress upon a lesser scale, who order every thing for them, who regulate their expense, and who make such recommendations and introductions as suffice to serve all their tradespeople, and to feast all their friends.

Dependence is a word: we all depend on each other; but the dependence of the ambitious and ignorant man is greater and far more abject than that of the great man's private secretary, toad-eater, or companion, because the probability is, that the latter have a degree of mind which might support them; the others are ciphers on the *town's-page*, which require something before them to make them count at all. A certain yacht-keeping Lord is one of these ciphers; but who, when played upon by an expert and able hand, is brought into notoriety, and sometimes into disgrace. Of this stamp are the young setters-up of four-horse turns-out: but for a proxy on the box, to vote for them and think for them, they would be passed by as horse-dealers, head coachmen, or assistants turning out with the break to air their master's cattle; but the proxy on the box always manages to point out the road to notoriety and expenditure, under the title of celebrity and fashion.

That tigers and companions should live by such inefficient beings, is not astonishing; but that the peerage should hold the proxies of the commonalty, and make a convenience and place of entertainment

for their acquaintances, is not so easily explained, as a matter of propriety or decorum. But it is an amusement to the great, *et c'est assez dire*. Much more on the subject of acting *per alterum* might be said :—our *malades imaginaires*, who could not live without Doctor Placebo ; our sticks at the bottoms of tables, the honours of which are conducted *per alterum* ; senators who would be mutes if words were not put into their mouths ; and high functionaries, whose weighty duties could never be done but by deputy, and whose family and domestic concerns are conducted in the same way. The proxies and substitutes in all the first departments are *ad infinitum* ; but those who officiate at banquets and lay out the money either of ambitious tools or prodigals, have the advantage of being very different from all other substitutes or vicegerents ; for they gain all the credit, share all the pleasure, without any responsibility or expense, and are looked up to and adulated for the trouble which they take. Such affairs might fill a volume, but the concerns of the Greenlaw family call us to another chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A MORNING CALL.—SCANDAL.

"Con arte ed inganno
 Se scapa la meta de l'anno,
 Con inganno e con arte
 Si scapa l'altra parte."

ITALIAN PROVERB.

"Il n'y a rien beau que le vrai,
 Le vrai seul est aimable."

BOILEAU.

LADY GERTRUDE was arrived, her head full of projects. She had a husband to get knighted, that was certain; he had the address in his pocket, and the matter was concluded in a few days. She had the spring, or rather spring and summer *campagne* to open; for great folks sojourn in London until the spring-flowers perish, and until the rose is overblown, and, alas! it is so full often in more senses than one, for

"Cost la virginel 'e qual gentil rosa."

She had made all the necessary arrangements for this important business. She next had her son to marry *off*;^{*} and this required much care, inquiry, and deliberation. Previous, however, to all this, she had old Lady Claver to call upon, to put her *au courant* as to what was going on. This Lady

* We know not why the word *off* is so general. We presume, however, that parents marry their children *off* to get rid of them, as the late Right Honourable Secretary Windham talked when killed off, doubtless for the same purpose of *getting rid* of them.

Claver, previous to her marriage with the Reverend Sir Bartholomew Claver, who, honest man! was no more, bore the family name of Pry: a large family, descended from Farly Pry, Esq. of Clatter Hall, in the county of Essex—some wags even traced the lineal descent from Adam and Eve, and asserted that from first to last the female part of that family was always for finding out some secret that could do them, and all about them, nothing but harm. Be that as it may, it was a very essential point for Lady Gertrude to learn all the "*ondits*" of the day; and nowhere could she accomplish that from a more able hand than from Lady Claver's, for, so fond was Lady Claver of these reports, that she would have made some of her own, had she not found them *ready-made*.

The first scene of the town-drama opened with an affectionate interview between Lady Gertrude and her only son. We may imagine an impassioned scene, interlarded with French; for so is every affair since the Peace, so that a dressy Miss, with *papillotes* in her head and a gown of French manufacture, and who has been to *see the world* at Boulogne and Calais, yet whose trade fixes her to a counter in the Borough or in the good city of London, cannot sell a pound of sausages, or a bit of bacon, (papa being a cheese-monger and vender of pork, eggs, etcetera,) without, as we have already observed, interlarding with *un petit peu de Français*, generally accented a *pitty pew*; nor can we find a red-armed Dolly the maid of all work, but who has had the advantage of accompanying her young mistress to Calais, Boulogne, Gravelines, or Dunkirk, without a mouthful of French to miscall, and to disturb the gravity of her auditors. She is going to air *mamzel's shimmy*, or to fetch her *catchmere*; she thanks you with *beam ablidgy*; and ~~can~~ not go on an errand without put-

ting on a Frenchified cap and her *shawl*. How we are improved since we had a bell and a savage to represent *la belle Sauvage*; a bull and a mouth, for *Boulogne mouth*, i. e. the entrance or mouth of the harbour; and when even our gentry lived in *Marrow-bone*, purporting to be the parish or street of St. Marie la bonne! But these are the advantages of the Peace—these the effects of the commonalty aping the quality.

Lady Gertrude no sooner heard her son's name announced, which one of her liverymen, a foreigner, pronounced *Hair-bare*, meaning Herbert, (which was enough to make a plain English person's hair stand on end, and to render the name unbearable,) than she exclaimed "*Qu'il vienne, mon enfant chéri, mon fils!*" *Oui Milady*, and in a moment behold him arrive and fly to her embrace. "My dearest Herbert, what an age since we met! truly delighted to see you!" And the reader may divine the rest—how well he looked! had he breakfasted? (at 4 P.M.) *certainement non*—how many conquests had he made? (a natural question to a soldier, but not in the parishes of St. James's and St. George's, Hanover Square)—she had heard of his flirtation with Lady Lydia, and she hoped that he had got acquainted with all *la première noblesse*; but whatever was left undone, her introduction and splendid parties would accomplish. The greeting betwixt father and son was short, but sincere on father's part, who, *soit dit en passant*, was only considered as an affectionate father and an honest man by the *fils unique*; and these qualifications he had been taught to hold, like all other home-made articles, cheap, though durable. "How are you, Herbert?—give me your hand. I hope you have been happy, for you see I have spared no expense to make you so." "*Infiniment obligé*, my dear Sir." Here terminated the colloquy.—The Lady Mother was for repairing immediately to Lady Cla-

ver's; but her son informed her that he had matter of moment for her secret ear, and it was arranged that she should stay at home all the morning, for the purpose of consulting together.

Lady Gertrude's love for her son (a love in which the dose of female pride was very strong) was such, that she not only spoiled him in infancy and in his boyish days, but she was quite prepared to be the apologist of all his errors, provided they were fashionable ones, in the season of his manhood. His squandering away thousands she anticipated; his gaming she dreaded, but if he lost large sums to a duke it would be all well; if he had *les égaremens du cœur*, it was no more than might be expected, *c'était de son âge*;—had he a carriage-lady, or became a *protector* (a name doubtless derived from the era of the common-wealth, and the days of Cromwell) why, if all was splendid and added to his notoriety, it must be passed over, and *no doubt* he would see his error in time—pension off the *Asparia* of the day (by a wife's fortune, if his own was gone,) and make a grand family alliance: all these things are *bagatelles* in the *grand monde*. This was her maternal tenderness, or rather her maternal blindness.

Now her darling had none of these *confidences à faire*; but merely to state to her, as briefly as possible, his entanglement with the dashing widow, and to seek counsel on that head. Mother and son were therefore to be closeted, a cabinet council was to be held; but, just as awful silence was about to be proclaimed, her Ladyship bethought herself, and ejaculated:—" *Apropos*, my dear Herbert, have I got the same box at the Opera as I had last season?"

"The very identical one."

"And my new carriage?"

"The admiration of the Acre."

"Then all well! Now to this serious matter—"

we'll go to the Opera together to-night, and you will see me in the Park on Sunday : *allons commençons.*" Monsieur *Hair-bare* (not *bare-face*) disposed of his story as briefly as possible, until he came to the widow's fate, and then a little time and ceremony were necessary.

Lady Gertrude prided herself on her son's having cut out so many right honourable and honourable *beaux* in Lady Lydia's circle ; and had a little secret (we dare not say womanish) satisfaction in seeing the most elegant coquette of the age, not merely angling for a rich husband, but *éprise de bonne foie* : the alliance would have pleased her amazingly. The lady's difficulties she was unacquainted with, and, had she known them, they would not have stood in the way of a noble alliance, provided every thing else suited her ; but there were objections which were insurmountable. Lady Lydia was not only a widow, but she never had had any family by Colonel Languish : it was true, *disait-on*, that he was old enough to be her father ; but then, should her ladyship not perpetuate the race of Greenlaw, what a falling off would be there !—no heir in the male line to the entailed property, no chance of the dormant baronetcy—a subject which never was at rest with her. Finally, he might get a younger bride and titled too. The match must be broken off, but it was to be done in a *manière comme il faut*, great delicacy must be used : she must pay her *devoirs* to Lady Lydia in person ; she would even go to her parties ; but her son must not marry her. This was a decided point, and in one shape suited our hero ; but still the fatal letter required a deal of weighing : he was delicate on many points, his heart was not at ease, he stood not quite blameless *in foro conscientie* ; he must attend her evening party, after passing an hour in Lady Gertrude's box ; he must frame an answer, a thing not easy

when a man means to temporize instead of giving his *ultimatum*, the thing required in the able, impassioned, and artful document.

All that could be effected was, to patch up a written reply full of flattery and adoration, ceaseless regrets, and interminable sufferings; to paint a heart broken but not estranged, severed but still attached, widowed without having been united; and at the same time to lay all the *onus* of blame on his lady-mother, and to hope that time might bring oblivion with it to the soft bosom of his enchantress, and that he alone might bear with fortitude the envenomed shaft:—the tenderest friendship might perhaps succeed to the most ardent passion. The rest was not “—— all but leather and prunella,” but was Italian poetry, or French quackery; a bleeding heart stood in imagery for a seal, the billet was highly perfumed—sweet fellow! and he dropped a drop of water on the superscription—

The Lovely Lydia.

(Why not?) &c. &c. &c.

which was the counterfeit proxy for a tear; and with this master-piece in his pocket, he dined with composure, drank a bottle with father to bear his courage up, accompanied mamma to her opera-box, fluttered a full hour in fop's alley; and, lastly, made his appearance at one o'clock at Lady Lydia's illuminated mansion. So much must be said of Lady Lydia's party, that it cannot be brought on and got off hastily—we will therefore call upon Lady Claver in the interim.

Lady Claver knew that her friend was arrived in town, from the motions in high life published in the fashionable morning papers. She took in three; the one for this and all other fashionable notices,

the Times for the advertisements, and the Chronicle or its politics. To find fault was her delight ; nothing could amuse her more than to assure her that the state was in immediate danger, and the nation ruined ; even the police-reports had a certain zest for her, for there she saw Lord Oldborough in a watchhouse scrape, and had to condole with a neighbour for a case of assault on a constable being brought against her husband, and she had the rare enjoyment of passing two hours in descanting on the immorality of the age. The reporters were her best friends, because they always gave the highest varnish and colouring to scandal and criminality ; and when the case reported was simple and uninteresting, still a laugh might be squeezed out of it ; and when evil report could neither kill nor wound, ridicule might. Now by this ridicule nobody would be injured but the party set up as a mark for contempt or irony, and perchance a few who were near or dear to her, him, or them ; whereas thousands would be tickled and made merry at the poor devil's expense, and might enjoy the *brotherly* feeling of pointing the finger of scorn at the party, or of knowing that there were men in all degrees liable to drunkenness, riot, vice, folly, quarrelling, and other breaches of the peace, as well as themselves. Lady Claver being asked one day if she knew Lord Oldborough, replied, "Only by the police-reports." How witty and feminine ! The advertisements had for her Ladyship a charm quite peculiar to herself : she did not want any thing for herself or her friends, but she liked to see who were letting their houses, parting with their carriages and horses, selling the furniture of their cellars or libraries, and the like, so that she might exclaim "The game is up with the West India family in Harley Street. Now it would be so—such extravagance (of which she would have

partaken)—it could not last. And now, you see, their house is to be let furnished, and they must vegetate in country quarters in some cheap county, or go back again to their filthy blacks. Marry! it must have taken a deal of sugar and rum to pay for Madam's jewels." Or, "Six gray horses, together with a town coach and a German barouche to be disposed of: inquire at Gloucester Mews." "Oh! I know whose they are—Mrs. Algernon Sydney's. That comes of the weekly parties, and the fancy balls! I wonder if she ever paid Mr. Spavin, the horse-dealer, for the horses. I'll ask him, 'pon honour."

She was seated at a table covered with cards, visiting or others, with her poor dear first husband's portrait over the mantelpiece, which was almost encumbered with ornamental knick-knacks. She had a splendidly embroidered work-bag on her table, a silver inkstand before her, an Italian greyhound on a silk cushion at her feet, and a profusion of flowers in every corner of the room. This was a set-out for her morning visitors. Her Ladyship was at home to the day calls of such as knew not how to fill up these hours of idleness otherwise than by culling the poisonous sweets of scandal, which nourish the detractors who live upon them. The cards before her were few of invitation, for she was seldom invited out; but she belonged to a *coterie* of titled gossips, grown *gray* in the service, and now had joined the *wig* interest, in order to give a new *colouring* to the *head* and *front* of their offending; and thus she never wanted coffee-drinking, morning calling, and dull rout-giving companions. The other billets and cards on the table were "returning thanks for *kind* inquiries," (as if Lady Claver ever made a *kind* inquiry in her life;) apologies for not being able to attend her parties; and names sent

per empty coach, in return for her ladyship's unwelcome visits, which she made to a host of titled connexions, as she used to call them, but who cut the connexion on a very short acquaintance.

She flew to meet Lady Gertrude, and was more than happy to see her. "The young Captain," cried she, "has been going on finely; he is quite the fashion, all the ladies running after him: he is remarked as the faithful swain of Lady Lydia; he must be a bold man, however, who takes her, ha! I say, what do you say to the matter? would you like her for a daughter-in-law? But is it true that your son has spent ten thousand pounds in these few last weeks?"

"Very likely," replied Lady Gertrude, "for he has it to spend. As for the match in question, it requires a second thought."

"Oh! yes, second thoughts are best. And how does your quiet good man like all this expense and bustle? I dare say he would rather have stayed at home. Never were two people more unlike than he and you; but marriages, they say, are made in Heaven, or (archly) somewhere else."

Here was a *good-natured* preface to a morning's scandal: her friend arrives, and she wants to inform her of her son's extravagance, to mar a reported match, and to excite the wife to look down on her husband!

In the first and second instance she failed: the son's extravagance was warranted and sanctioned: without it, Lady Gertrude imagined that he could not reach the pinnacle of fashionable renown: the reported marriage was already disposed of, merely on the score of succession; and as Lady Gertrude ascended the staircase of Lady Claver's house, she just bethought herself of a Baroness in her own right, whose title went in the female line. It is true,

that she looked as if she had been made by one of Nature's journeymen, and not made well ; for there was a trifling error on one side (not kindly corresponding with the other,) which seemed to announce a partial independence of the right, at variance with the sinister views of the left ; so that what the right side did, the left side scarcely knew : nevertheless, youth was in favour of the Baroness. But just as Lady Gertrude was calculating the *pour et contre*, she found herself at Lady Claver's room-door.

The third attempt was not null and void, but neutral. Lady Gertrude had long considered her husband as a *bon homme*, and that speaks volumes ; the Squire's fortune captivated her. He was the best of husbands ; they had three children, two of them died, and left a *fils unique*. The father saw nothing beyond being a good husband and father, a good neighbour and easy landlord, and a capital shot ; in London he was like a fish out of water. He might have been in Parliament if he chose, but the attendance on the House would have been the greatest restraint to him : hundreds of times had he received curtain lectures for his absence of ambition, and as often he had been upbraided for his supineness, yet he still calmly pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, until the heir came to years of maturity, and then the dream of ambition was awakened again.

These attempts having failed, Lady Gertrude drew from her oracle all the general scandal of the day, and was about to go, when Mrs. Blight (not Mrs. Bligh,—no connexion with the house over the way) was announced by Lady Claver's groom of the chambers.

(Mrs. Blight.) "Your servant, Lady Gertrude ; happy to see you in town ; you have brought your healthful looks from the country with you, and I

declare you have grown quite young. The Hermit Abroad (a sly mischievous fellow, by the way, whom I hate and fear) says, 'O ! que les *miroirs* sont changés !' but your Ladyship has no such thing to fear" (to Lady Claver.) "How do, my dear friend ! ! !" (What misnomer ! the coterie was any thing but a society of *friends*.) "How like that picture is !"

(Lady Claver.) "Ay, poor dear man ! there he is in his gown."

(Mrs. Blight.) "Preaching, no doubt, against *calumny*."

(Lady C.) "Humph !"—(in continuation) "He ought to have been a Bishop, if he had had his deserts. I thought it would have been so when I married him, but kissing goes by favour."

(Mrs. Blight.) "For which reason some people (*ironically*) can expect none."

Lady Gertrude smiled, Lady Claver bit her lip.

(Mrs. B. to the former.) "You see our *dear* friend goes on in the old way,—pointed in her remarks, but incoherent in her arrangement of them. I should like to know what connexion there can be betwixt kissing and a mitre ? They say that women will talk of what runs in their head ; but surely my old friend,—no, that cannot be—*à votre âge* and"—she added no more, but wished the *hiatus* to be filled up by "*et avec votre visage*"—"ha, ha, ha ! too bad." (*Exit* Lady Gertrude.)

It is strange, but not less true, that as thieves cannot always be true to each other, so robbers of reputation can scarcely refrain from pulling each other to pieces : this was the only pot-luck of Lady Claver's house, barring scandal ; it was perpetual Lent at her parties.

"Cervi con cervi non si caran' mai gli occhi."

says the crafty Italian : but the birds of prey of Scandal's nest only make this difference between their associates and other acquaintance,—the latter they destroy outright, of the former they only pick a bit, so as to cause a smarting, which is deemed very *smart* indeed, or to leave a nakedness as an opening to the ridicule of those who witness the spirited scene.

When Lady Gertrude was out of sight, they both had a pull at her character.

“How fond that woman is of flattery !”

“Therefore, you laid it on thick,” quoth Lady Claver.

“True, and she must be blind to believe what I said to her ; she looks as old as the hills, in spite of all her art ; she breaks daily, and *par contre-coup*, I think she will break her husband before she has done. There is a strange story already about one of his estates, brought on, too, in a very singular manner, of all which I am determined to get the particulars ; but, as I said before, she will dish the poor country gentleman, now knighted from her ambition. I declare, this is such trumpery, by way of getting a name ! this job of ruin will not be very long about, unless Opium and Madeira despatch her first.”

Admirable !—The affairs of their neighbours were now all settled by these *innocent* dears. It was decided that Lady Reversie's Sunday parties were mere subscription-rooms ; that Lady Rosemount's* was nothing but an assignation shop, like the confectioners' and fruiterers' at the West end of the

* In a former part of this work we announced an elopement from a certain house in high life, which it was our intention to revert to ; but since we have gone to press, we have learned that the titled father of one of the parties has taken the matter so much to heart that we abstain from naming it again.

town; that Lady Lydia was no better than she ought to be; that Lady Gertrude was on *the go*, her son a madman, and her husband an old fool; that the beautiful Marchioness in a certain square was now nothing but false complexion, *postiche* eyebrows, *vagrant* curls, and *makes-up*; that the Gloucestershire Baronet's daughter suffered the agony of the stocks in her corset; and that Madame San Florenzo has turned quite a porpoise:—and with this laying down of the land, they separated, each to take a frugal dinner, and to collect at an evening party the materials for extensive calumny. For these respectable ladies culled from every flower of Fashion, with double the industry of the bee, not all its sweets, but every bitter and biting ingredient; or rather ought we to say, like the viper, they fed and were nourished on poisonous materials, which they lodged in a receptacle near the tongue, ready to *bespatter*, defile, blight, and poison the victims of their garrulity; nor were they aware of being any otherwise employed than in amusing themselves and their numerous auditors. Off they went; and those may tremble who are to be the next living subjects of their dissection, whose frailties and foibles are to encounter the sharp edge of their cutting instrument, and whose trifling defects, whether mental or corporeal, natural or acquired, innocent or blameworthy, are to be pulled to pieces by these expert and expeditious female anatomizers: and *entre nous*, fashionable reader, the dissection of the living must be as much more cruel and criminal than that of the dead, as the stealing of honour and reputation is more abominable and unpardonable than the mere abduction of a jewel or a purse, a pocket-book or (not a *ridicule* but) a reticule.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PORTRAIT.—A SAD LOVE TALE.—LADY GERTRUDE'S
HOUSE OPENED FOR THE SEASON IN THE SQUARE.

“Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.”

HORAT.

“Amor è un certo che, che delirar’ mi fa.”

OLD SONG.

EVERY lady of *bon ton* will agree with us, that the duty and prohibition on different articles of dress enhance the merit of them in their eyes; and Rousseau was so well aware of this truth, that in his preface to his *Eloisa*, he warns the female reader against perusing that dangerous work. Now there is not a publisher's puff, direct or indirect, which ever emanated from the Row,* or any other place of editorial celebrity, which could possibly act as so great a stimulus to a peruser or purchaser: we therefore warn every lady-reader, who has ever been in love, or at a meeting of scandal-mongers, to shut up and pass by this Chapter, to *turn over a new leaf*, and to resume another subject; else may she find her own story with only the change of name, or stumble upon that same tormenting love which makes the wise man foolish, and the weak one downright mad; not to mention its dire effect upon fine feelings, gentle manners, feminine delicacy, and exquisite sensibility. And first, ye loquacious ladies, whatever be your rank,

* Doubtless the Row is as intelligible to men and women of letters as the Acre is to gentlemen coachmen and carriage-fanciers.

whose biforked tongues are charged with envy or uncharitableness, close this portion of the volume, which contains Lady Claver's portrait, taken from life.

Lady Claver, who was a Pry, lived single until she came near to her fortjeth summer. The young men were afraid to venture on her, and the old ones looked upon her as *trop fanée*. A worthy Clergyman considered her family interest as very likely to advance him in his profession, and, being a poor Curate, and a poorer Baronet, he took his chance for better for worse; beauty was not his object, as will be seen, and the family interest vanished into smoke. Her stature was gigantic, her forehead low; small gray eyes, full of fire and cunning, illumined a pale face, in the centre of which stood a sharp nose; her hair was of the colour of old mown hay, but neither it nor her breath could boast of its perfume; her mouth opened like that of the John Bull office, and was just as full of mischief; her chin was like the inferior part of an egg; her ears not long, but wide, as if to take in all the reports current; and she had the *organ of Destructiveness* pronounced in a most terrifying manner. Her hair was lank, but as she never produced it except under what she called a *pareseuse*, purporting that she wore artificial hair to save the trouble of curling her own, the matter was of little consequence: a false front is very common now-a-days; but her Ladyship had it front and rear, *good soul!* She never had any family; maternity, that gentle tie which makes an amiable woman both loving and beloved, which adds to the estimable wife the tender and exemplary mother, was unknown to her; she was far above such homespun stuff, and posterity may be grateful to her for it. The general expression of her face was cunning grafted upon cruelty, and pride entwined with meanness.

Fearful, yet anxious too, our hero proceeded to his engagement at Lady Lydia's. He had the *chief-d'œuvre* in his bosom ; it was to be given at the close of the scene, previous to his taking French leave, so that it could not be read until the party broke up ; and that moment he dreaded. In the intermediate space he had to *faire l'aimable* as much as possible ; and if any hint was thrown out upon the subject, he must look downcast and interesting, and observe that the eye of curiosity was upon them. These shifts are of *major* importance (no allusion to the army) to studied flirts ; and by the aid of them he got through the business of the *day*, for such it was when he first entered her Ladyship's mansion.

The house was crowded to excess : *tant mieux*, it aided his difficulties, and made the coming to close quarters impossible. All passed off successfully ; the party was every thing that fashion could accomplish and *bon goût* could invent. Lady Lydia was a star resplendent with the lustre of rich jewels and much attractiveness, to which the simplicity of Maria's costume gave additional effect, surrounded by a galaxy of beauty. Yet the fair widow held her pre-eminence among them : when she moved, she was all gracefulness ; when she was seated, she seemed to *reign*. Her court (if so we may call it) was very brilliant ; legions of unsuccessful suitors followed her every motion ; and so well did she do the honours of the *fête*, that even the envious were won over to her praise. All the cream of her acquaintance was gathered together ; every one accepted her invitation to the *impromptu*,* except the county member : he felt himself slighted, ill used, hoaxed, and had a thousand reasons for absenting himself, and for breaking

* We need scarcely remind our readers, that the pleasantest parties, got up without long notice, are thus called.

with her Ladyship for ever. The widow was in high spirits, as well as in her best looks, because she thought herself still irresistible, and because she imagined that she discovered in the looks of the man of her heart the corresponding ardour of affection, and she mistook dubiety and self-accusation for timidity and precaution.

The titled list at the party was like a Gazette at the commencement of a war ; and to add to the high birth, breeding, and good appearance of the assembly, the *Gardes* were there in great number, together with all the absentees of *the Tenth*, and two or three tandems full of Lancers from Hounslow. The music of the party was good, and the general harmony uninterrupted. There existed great rivalry among those who wished to be foremost in their attentions to the mistress of the mansion, and this produced an additional *eclat*.

We said there was a strong muster of the Guards : among them were,

Colonel Lord D——, a Ulysses in fine address and military skill, and a perfect man of fashion ; and Colonel Sir H. H. : both decorated, and bearing a brighter jewel in the bosom than on the coat.

Lieutenant Colonel Sir M. M. G., another star of bright fame.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. H., K. C. B. promising in talent, and truly *Hope-ful* to his country.

Two Colonels of the old, popular, and well-deserving names of W—ford and Fairmantle, Companions of the Bath, and brave companions in arms.

Sir Willoughby——, who was an elegant of the first magnitude in his younger days, and an excellent officer at all times.

And lastly, a certain *brave*, who commands not far from the Tagus, and who is an ornament to the drawing-room, and a credit to his profession.

At supper, his Grace of —— was from his rank

placed on her right hand, and young John, son of Sir Francis Budget, occupied the left : he gained his post by a *forward* motion, which brought him right in front. Greenlaw was not far distant, and returned her signal of regret for the distance between them, by an elevation of the shoulders, indicative of resignation, and a sigh, to take its chance, which he cleared off into a short cough, in order to deceive his neighbour Countess San Florenzo, on the one hand, and the lobsided Baroness on the other. *La Comtesse* knew better ; and *la Baronne* hoped it was for herself, the inequalities of her shape being *quite done away with* by her accomplished dress-maker.

Nothing could have better favoured the views of the gay deceiver. After supper a Spanish nobleman tuned his lyre, and thus sang, whilst every eye was turned on her whose gracefulness so beamingly filled the chair, and (*whose*) beauty (*hung*) upon the wings of night

“ Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

THE SONG.

A LOS OJOS DE FILIS.

I.

A tus hermosos ojos
No hay alma que resista
Y presa de tu vista
No se muera de amor.
Que hermosa Filis eres
Si fueras mas humana
Y ardieras en la llama
En que me abraso yo.

II.

Tierno afecto se anida
Dentro tus ojos bellos,
Y viene en torno de ellos
Con blanda risa amor.
Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

III.

De tus divinos ojos
 La llama luminosa
 Brilla en tu faz hermosa :
 Qual en oriente el sol.
 Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

TRANSLATION.

I.

'Gainst thine enchanting eyes
 Our love has no control ;
 They seize us by surprise,
 And captivate the soul.
 Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be
 Still lovelier than thou art,
 If pity glow'd in thee
 For my consuming heart.

II.

Yet love can all the while
 Within those orbits dwell
 And grace in each warm smile,
 Give power to the spell.
 Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

III.

The sun at break of day
 More brightly cannot shine,
 Than the resplendent ray
 Within those eyes divine.
 Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

The last verse was most particularly appropriate ;
 it gained universal applause :

“ The sun at break of day,”

actually had made its appearance ; and the Spanish
 song was followed by an Exquisite's being called
 upon for

“ Fly not yet :”

the magnetic part of which (because it pleased and
 spoke to all the ladies) was :—

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“When did Phoebus ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here;
Oh, stay! oh, stay!

At this convenient juncture the young Guardsman recollected the wings of love, and betook himself to them.

Sleep he got none, all was not right within : he dreaded an answer to his last communication, yet silence bespeaking contempt or the last state of despair, would have been still worse. He rose at half an hour after noon, a much earlier period than usual, except when military duty forced him from his downy pillow—one o'clock struck, two, three, and no reply. In one part of her mandate for her lover's *ultimatum* something was said about flying from the world : had she fled ? and what was the interpretation to be put on that phrase ? The horses were ordered, but he could not ride ; the four-horse turn-out, he was not in a mood for driving ; Bramblewood had called, but he could not see him ; Lady Gertrude had sent for him to consult upon some matter of taste, he could not attend ; a second messenger, he would not obey, although her splendid house was to be thrown open for the first time that night :—all would not do.

At length a splendid livery, hung on a footman six feet high, was seen at the hall-door ; and he was the messenger of the momentous tidings, [which were delivered by the French valet. He attempted to speak—“ *Un autre fois*,” said his master ; “ yet stop ; no, go.” He endeavoured to open the *enveloppe*, his hand failed him, it shook ; he sat down, a cambric handkerchief chased the big drops of cold perspiration from his brow ; he rang the bell, which was answered by an English footman—“ Richard, send the butler.” He came. “ Sack, (such was his name, whether from the rich liquor of that name,

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"Send for Mr. Bramblewood," were his first orders after ringing his bell; "if he is not at his lodgings, go to Brookes's, and thence to Lord Sunbury's; and lastly, if not found"—he hesitated—"knock gently and ask Lady Lydia's porter if he knows where he is."—"And, Robert, (his second footman,) put on plain clothes—don't say that you came from me—and ask how her Ladyship does."

The servant returned: he had been at Bramblewood's lodgings, and was told that he left town at a very early hour, and it was uncertain when he would return.—Another perplexity! Bramblewood was to have been at the opening of Lady Gertrude's house—how strange! What a state to be in, to meet all

CHAPTER XVI.

A PORTRAIT.—A SAD LOVE TALE.—LADY GERTRUDE'S
HOUSE OPENED FOR THE SEASON IN THE SQUARE.

"Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur."

HORAT.

"Amor è un certo che, che delirar' mi fa."

OLD SONG.

EVERY lady of *bon ton* will agree with us, that the duty and prohibition on different articles of dress enhance the merit of them in their eyes; and Rousseau was so well aware of this truth, that in his preface to his *Eloisa*, he warns the female reader against perusing that dangerous work. Now there is not a publisher's puff, direct or indirect, which ever emanated from the Row,* or any other place of editorial celebrity, which could possibly act as so great a stimulus to a peruser or purchaser: we therefore warn every lady-reader, who has ever been in love, or at a meeting of scandal-mongers, to shut up and pass by this Chapter, to *turn over a new leaf*, and to resume another subject; else may she find her own story with only the change of name, or stumble upon that same tormenting love which makes the wise man foolish, and the weak one downright mad; not to mention its dire effect upon fine feelings, gentle manners, feminine delicacy, and exquisite sensibility. And first, ye loquacious ladies, whatever be your rank,

* Doubtless the Row is as intelligible to men and women of letters as the Acre is to gentlemen coachmen and carriage-fanciers.

whose biforked tongues are charged with envy or uncharitableness, close this portion of the volume, which contains Lady Claver's portrait, taken from life.

Lady Claver, who was a Pry, lived single until she came near to her fortjeth summer. The young men were afraid to venture on her, and the old ones looked upon her as *trop fanée*. A worthy Clergyman considered her family interest as very likely to advance him in his profession, and, being a poor Curate, and a poorer Baronet, he took his chance for better for worse; beauty was not his object, as will be seen, and the family interest vanished into smoke. Her stature was gigantic, her forehead low; small gray eyes, full of fire and cunning, illumined a pale face, in the centre of which stood a sharp nose; her hair was of the colour of old mown hay, but neither it nor her breath could boast of its perfume; her mouth opened like that of the John Bull office, and was just as full of mischief; her chin was like the inferior part of an egg; her ears not long, but wide, as if to take in all the reports current; and she had the *organ of Destructiveness* pronounced in a most terrifying manner. Her hair was lank, but as she never produced it except under what she called a *pareseuse*, purporting that she wore artificial hair to save the trouble of curling her own, the matter was of little consequence: a false front is very common now-a-days; but her Ladyship had it front and rear, *good soul!* She never had any family; maternity, that gentle tie which makes an amiable woman both loving and beloved, which adds to the estimable wife the tender and exemplary mother, was unknown to her; she was far above such homespun stuff, and posterity may be grateful to her for it. The general expression of her face was cunning grafted upon cruelty, and pride entwined with meanness.

Fearful, yet anxious too, our hero proceeded to his engagement at Lady Lydia's. He had the *chief-d'œuvre* in his bosom ; it was to be given at the close of the scene, previous to his taking French leave, so that it could not be read until the party broke up ; and that moment he dreaded. In the intermediate space he had to *faire l'aimable* as much as possible ; and if any hint was thrown out upon the subject, he must look downcast and interesting, and observe that the eye of curiosity was upon them. These shifts are of *major* importance (no allusion to the army) to studied flirts ; and by the aid of them he got through the business of the *day*, for such it was when he first entered her Ladyship's mansion.

The house was crowded to excess : *tant mieux*, it aided his difficulties, and made the coming to close quarters impossible. All passed off successfully ; the party was every thing that fashion could accomplish and *bon goût* could invent. Lady Lydia was a star resplendent with the lustre of rich jewels and much attractiveness, to which the simplicity of Maria's costume gave additional effect, surrounded by a galaxy of beauty. Yet the fair widow held her pre-eminence among them : when she moved, she was all gracefulness ; when she was seated, she seemed to *reign*. Her court (if so we may call it) was very brilliant ; legions of unsuccessful suitors followed her every motion ; and so well did she do the honours of the *fête*, that even the envious were won over to her praise. All the cream of her acquaintance was gathered together ; every one accepted her invitation to the *impromptu*,* except the county member : he felt himself slighted, ill used, hoaxed, and had a thousand reasons for absenting himself, and for breaking

* We need scarcely remind our readers, that the pleasantest parties, got up without long notice, are thus called.

with her Ladyship for ever. The widow was in high spirits, as well as in her best looks, because she thought herself still irresistible, and because she imagined that she discovered in the looks of the man of her heart the corresponding ardour of affection, and she mistook dubiety and self-accusation for timidity and precaution.

The titled list at the party was like a Gazette at the commencement of a war ; and to add to the high birth, breeding, and good appearance of the assembly, the *Gardes* were there in great number, together with all the absentees of *the Tenth*, and two or three tandems full of Lancers from Hounslow. The music of the party was good, and the general harmony uninterrupted. There existed great rivalry among those who wished to be foremost in their attentions to the mistress of the mansion, and this produced an additional *eclat*.

We said there was a strong muster of the Guards : among them were,

Colonel Lord D——, a Ulysses in fine address and military skill, and a perfect man of fashion ; and Colonel Sir H. H. : both decorated, and bearing a brighter jewel in the bosom than on the coat.

Lieutenant Colonel Sir M. M. G., another star of bright fame.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. H., K. C. B. promising in talent, and truly *Hope-ful* to his country.

Two Colonels of the old, popular, and well-deserving names of W—ford and Fairmantle, Companions of the Bath, and brave companions in arms.

Sir Willoughby——, who was an elegant of the first magnitude in his younger days, and an excellent officer at all times.

And lastly, a certain *brave*, who commands not far from the Tagus, and who is an ornament to the drawing-room, and a credit to his profession.

At supper, his Grace of —— was from his rank

placed on her right hand, and young John, son of Sir Francis Budget, occupied the left : he gained his post by a *forward* motion, which brought him right in front. Greenlaw was not far distant, and returned her signal of regret for the distance between them, by an elevation of the shoulders, indicative of resignation, and a sigh, to take its chance, which he cleared off into a short cough, in order to deceive his neighbour Countess San Florenzo, on the one hand, and the lobsided Baroness on the other. *La Comtesse* knew better ; and *la Baronne* hoped it was for herself, the inequalities of her shape being *quite done away with* by her accomplished dress-maker.

Nothing could have better favoured the views of the gay deceiver. After supper a Spanish nobleman tuned his lyre, and thus sang, whilst every eye was turned on her whose gracefulness so beamingly filled the chair, and (*whose*) beauty (*hung*) upon the wings of night

“ Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

THE SONG.

A LOS OJOS DE FILIS.

I.

A tus hermosos ojos
No hay alma que resista
Y presa de tu vista
No se muera de amor.
Que hermosa Filis eres
Si fueres mas humana
Y ardieras en la llama
En que me abraso yo.

II.

Tierno afecto se anida
Dentro tus ojos bellos,
Y viene en torno de ellos
Con blanda risa amor.
Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

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III.

De tus divinos ojos
La llama luminosa
Brilla en tu faz hermosa :
Qual en oriente el sol.
Que hermosa Filis eres, etc.

TRANSLATION.

I.

'Gainst thine enchanting eyes
Our love has no control ;
They seize us by surprise,
And captivate the soul.
Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be
Still lovelier than thou art,
If pity glow'd in thee
For my consuming heart.

II.

Yet love can all the while
Within those orbits dwell
And grace in each warm smile,
Give power to the spell.
Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

III.

The sun at break of day
More brightly cannot shine,
Than the resplendent ray
Within those eyes divine.
Yet, Phillis, thou wouldst be, etc.

The last verse was most particularly appropriate ;
it gained universal applause :

"The sun at break of day,"

actually had made its appearance ; and the Spanish
song was followed by an Exquisite's being called
upon for

"Fly not yet :"

the magnetic part of which (because it pleased and
spoke to all the ladies) was:—

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"When did Phœbus ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here;
Oh, stay! oh, stay!

At this convenient juncture the young Guardsman recollected the wings of love, and betook himself to them.

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the town at night ! to smile on those to whom the heart was indifferent, to say soft things to high-dressed dames, to help in doing the honours of the house !

Five hundred cards of invitation had been issued by his mother ; every exertion had been made to give lustre and effect to the entertainment ; the expenditure would be immense ;—and there was no enjoyment in all this for the head of the family, the heir of promise, the *enfant gâté* of a too fond and too ambitious mother ! And now, with a heavy heart, he drives up to his mother's gates : the thunders of coming visitors had already commenced ; the whipping-up of coachmen to cut out a rival brother Coachee was already exhibiting ; the house was like the description of the palace of the Sun in Ovid, nothing but blaze and irradiation. The heir enters, and ascends the spacious staircase, after passing twenty servants in new full-dress liveries, backed by another score of hirelings out of place.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN CONTINUATION.—MORE SCANDAL.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And (*Britain's*) capital had gather'd them
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell."

LORD BYRON.

SUCH was the interior of the splendid mansion :—
 the effect of the lights was almost overcoming, the
 mirrors multiplied and reflected the forms of lovely
 women, whose glossy ringlets were interwoven with
 roses and other rich flowers, or whose polished fore-
 heads bore the weight of stately plumes, while bos-
 oms and shoulders, which put the Parisian marble
 to shame, were adorned by the brightest jewels of
 the sparkling mine. Here an armlet glittered on
 what would have served for a model to the Grecian
 chisel; there a second Belinda wore a sparkling
 cross,

"Which saints might kiss and infidels adore."

Facing one mirror stood a figure resembling a second
 Cleopatra, with tresses like the raven's wing, con-
 trasted with a glare of jewels; and on her arm hung
 one like a sylph, in all the simplicity of youth and

the maiden ornament of pearls, all smiles and dimples, uncertain colour, and softly breathing tints of health and feeling.

The mansion was converted into an ancient temple and a fairy land :—A grove diffused the perfume of the orange-tree and the myrtle, where a passage or corridor had stood before ; the staircase was a complete conservatory, where geraniums, Persian lilacs, and the camilla japonica were among the most ordinary flowering shrubs ; the effect of perspective, together with vivid paintings and transparencies, created interminable gothic halls, cloisters, and armories ; laurels and tropics decked well-chosen statues, and others were the bearers of choice burning odours and coloured lamps. Here the soft music of stringed instruments broke on the ear from its concealment ; there a cave or grotto led to a repository for delicious refreshments. A number of handsome females (upper servants) habited as wood-nymphs, attended among fruits and flowers ; and when the dulcet note of the harp and lyre had ceased, the ear was relieved by the striking up of a military band. The furniture was of the richest silks, with gold fringe, and one room was hung with the drapery of Indian shawls. The orchestra of the ball-room was clad in a superb uniform, invented by her Ladyship ; while those who served at supper were habited in green, magnificently embroidered with gold, in imitation of Buonaparte's livery, her Ladyship considering the family one as not sufficiently *tranchant*. In the midst of all this, the heart of young Herbert was sunk and icy cold ; the adagio parts of music seemed like a love-plaint, the murmuring bass of other combinations of harmony had a sepulchral sound, and the thundering long drum of the military band struck like a death-knell on his ear. How many, too, had he seen at Lady Lydia's party ! how

often was her name repeated ! “ Did she not visit Lady Lydia ?—Had he not seen her that morning ? ”

All this was torture. The company was composed of all the first names in town : great efforts were made to procure a royal duke, but they failed—all below that rank, however, were assembled under the gilded roof—serene highnesses, with princesses less serene ; graces, where grace a stranger was ; and grace again, where title did not exist ; earls and countesses, *per* dozen—with lords and ladies out of number ; the army and the navy of the highest rank, and almost all the officers of the Coldstream,—a creditable muster of England’s strength and comeliness, and the promising fruits for another war,—young hands, who have yet, like their brave predecessors, to get in the rich harvest of laurels. To these our young hero was peculiarly attentive, nor could they help remarking his lowered spirits and his altered looks.

In the centre of all this enchanting arrangement, Lady Gertrude plied her most assiduous attentions, habited in a robe of Brussels lace of great price, looped up with diamonds, and otherwise so covered by the product of Golconda, that she resembled a meteor. Of these many were hired, as was part of the profusion of plate, under which the day-break banquet groaned ; but expense and trouble, art and contrivance, vanished before her efforts to outdo in this incipient display of the treasures of her house.—The knight, poor husband ! he was indeed the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance ; for, in despite of all his efforts to appear pleased, he had fatigue, aridity, and apprehension in his looks. He knew not a twentieth part of the party, and was so often produced to make his bow, that he got a stiff neck, and was confined to his bed for three days ; nor did he even escape ungracious animadversion.—

One Exquisite, who knew him not by sight, was heard, as he passed him, linked with a brother officer of the Tenth, to say in reply to—"Do you know the man of the house?"—"Not in the least; I don't even know how the devil I came to get a card of invitation; but you see they can't do without us in these parties." Then, looking at self *en passant* in a six-feet mirror, "No bad let-off this—I wonder whether they'll be able to repeat these concerns all the season?"

At this moment a trio of spirited beauties surrounded young Greenlaw, and rallied him about Lady Lydia—

"What have you done with the widow?" said one.

"How can you exist without your *adorata*?" cried another.

And now his lady mother entreated him not to persist in his determination of not dancing. Three duke's daughters were marked out for partners, and the Baroness in her own right. The last he positively rejected, but condescended to say, "Let me have a look at the others, and I'll dance one quadrille with the handsomest." They had but just come in from another party, and surpassed not in beauty: the introduction, however, took place, and he chose the youngest—the other two fell to the lot of the Guards in five minutes.

There was a time, indeed this was a time, when he would have been upon the tip-toe of anxiety to bear off either of the three at the dance, or to offer the well-turned arm at the *sortie* of a drawing-room or an opera; but now Ambition had lost its lure, Vanity had struck her flag.

At supper our hero made a rally, and attempted to *faire l'aimable* to Lady Almira, his partner; and when a portion of the supper-party retired, either to

return home or to dance-in broad daylight and breakfast time, young Greenlaw, true to his corps, gathered a chosen band about him, and in abandonment of his usual habits, when Beauty bright kept him faithful to her standard, he joined a small man-party of the brigade, and dipped deep into the next twenty-four hours. Burnt Champagne, punch made of every thing which extravagance could invent, pine-apples, jellies, marmalade, Curaçoa, et cetera, hook-ars, hubble bubbles, the produce of the Havana, devils, olives, incentives, and finally strong coffee, terminated the extraordinary sitting—the *séance extraordinaire* of the social band. Herbert seemed to court Bacchus and treat Venus with indifference: he had also come down the ladder of ambition prodigiously, and appeared rather to wish to be like other men, than to usurp a first-rank situation. His companions were unanimously of opinion that he never exhibited himself to so great advantage; he seemed to lean upon his regiment for comfort and support; and he did right. A well-organized regiment is a family, in which the honour, interest, comfort and advancement of every officer are safe. The Guards, too, in particular, offer advantages no where else to be found; a young officer finds there not only a nursery for military heroes, but a class of youths of the highest quality, which may accompany him, and be of credit or utility to him through life.

Ere half the guests had closed their eyes in sleep, a flaming account of the party was in the columns of the morning prints. The supper attracted particular notice: it was *au possible*, and Lady Gertrude had done *l'impossible* to make it what it was. A streamlet meandering through banks of flowers, did not run down the table, as it once did on an occasion of regal magnificence; nor did golden quadrupeds bear bags of salt to supply the gorgeous feast; but

"When did Phœbus ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here ;
Oh, stay ! oh, stay !

At this convenient juncture the young Guardsman recollected the wings of love, and betook himself to them.

Sleep he got none, all was not right within : he dreaded an answer to his last communication, yet silence bespeaking contempt or the last state of despair, would have been still worse. He rose at half an hour after noon, a much earlier period than usual, except when military duty forced him from his downy pillow—one o'clock struck, two, three, and no reply. In one part of her mandate for her lover's *ultimatum* something was said about flying from the world : had she fled ! and what was the interpretation to be put on that phrase ! The horses were ordered, but he could not ride ; the four-horse turn-out, he was not in a mood for driving ; Bramblewood had called, but he could not see him ; Lady Gertrude had sent for him to consult upon some matter of taste, he could not attend ; a second messenger, he would not obey, although her splendid house was to be thrown open for the first time that night :—all would not do.

At length a splendid livery, hung on a footman six feet high, was seen at the hall-door ; and he was the messenger of the momentous tidings, which were delivered by the French valet. He attempted to speak—" *Un autre fois,*" said his master ; "yet stop ; no, go." He endeavoured to open the envelope, his hand failed him, it shook ; he sat down, a cambric handkerchief chased the big drops of cold perspiration from his brow ; he rang the bell, which was answered by an English footman—"Richard, send the butler." He came. "Sack, (such was his name, whether from the rich liquor of that name,

or the verb to sack, is not decided,) "Sack, pour me out—"

"What, sir?"

"A glass of Madeira—no, some liqueur—no, some *Eau d'or*," [the man hesitated] "Dantzic brandy—and be—hanged to you!"

It was swallowed, and the blood returned to his blanched cheek: he opened the window, drew the sofa to it, took the air and courage together. He broke the seal and read: it began thus—

"I do not weep! the springs of tears are dried:
And of a sudden I am calm, as if
All things were well."

"The language of reproach is unknown to me, Herbert; and were it otherwise, it would avail me nothing. He who could deceive as you have done, will naturally be deaf to all expostulation, dead to all honourable or retributive justice. That you are under no promise to me, I am ready to avow; but there are injuries deeper than broken vow or violated promise: these I have experienced. You have led me on, like a vietim to be immolated, through flowery precipices, and roses double-armed with thorns; and when you found that the charm of my existence was concentrated in your society, you then (triumphing in the pride of conquest) cast me off to the derision and scorn of those who would have been proud to have worn my chains. Believe me, Herbert, that female pride is like the jealousy inseparable from love—when one is wounded, the other must perish. *Brisons la*. To your own conscience I leave you—exult, if you can, in the ruin of her who 'loved not wisely but too well'—tell to your companions the victory which you have had over the affections of her who was once the envy of her own sex and the admiration of yours. I shall not be long

"When did Phoebus ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here ;
Oh, stay ! oh, stay !

At this convenient juncture the young Guardsman recollected the wings of love, and betook himself to them.

Sleep he got none, all was not right within : he dreaded an answer to his last communication, yet silence bespeaking contempt or the last state of despair, would have been still worse. He rose at half an hour after noon, a much earlier period than usual, except when military duty forced him from his downy pillow—one o'clock struck, two, three, and no reply. In one part of her mandate for her lover's *ultimatum* something was said about flying from the world : had she fled ? and what was the interpretation to be put on that phrase ? The horses were ordered, but he could not ride ; the four-horse turn-out, he was not in a mood for driving ; Bramblewood had called, but he could not see him ; Lady Gertrude had sent for him to consult upon some matter of taste, he could not attend ; a second messenger, he would not obey, although her splendid house was to be thrown open for the first time that night :—all would not do.

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within the reach either of your contempt or the world's offensive pity—fare thee well!—and when thou canst repent, think on

THE LOST LYDIA.

“P.S. The rhapsody of assumed regret and pretended sensibility, contained in your letter, is too flimsy not to be seen through by a less penetrating eye than mine: it is the gauze which covers the deformity of the mind. Once more, and for the last time, farewell—farewell for ever! I was for a moment calm, but this is too much:—reply will come too late:—I'm gone.”

“And with you,” said he, in a subdued tone, “all that made town enchanting to me; all pride, pomp, pleasure, emulation, triumph, the oblivion of care, and the amusement of my life. I have ill-used this lady, although no seduction or criminal cause of accusation stares me in the face. I have acted dishonourably with her, merely to gratify my own vanity; and have all the while been carrying on a game of deceit with another woman, to whom I am so far engaged, that I have promised never to marry another.”

This self-accusation drove him to despair. What could be meant by quitting the world?—what reply could he make? If he offered his hand, it might be rejected, and his mother would be highly offended. But, worst of all, how could he extricate himself from his engagement with Emma? who, but for his mother's ambition, ought to have been his wife? At one moment, all the tenderness and truth which he felt in his youth for this amiable creature, returned to his lacerated breast; at another, an aching void seemed to inform him that the lost society of the ruined enchantress left him miserable and solitary in

the gay circle in which he had lately delighted so much.

The Butler came from Lady Gertrude to say that dinner was waiting: he sent her word, that he was so ill that he must lie down for a few hours. Another messenger with a billet, "Should she come to him? At what hour would he attend her party? for he must be aware that without him all was lost; for him it was given, and he must make an effort well or ill." His answer was, that he would commit violence on himself, and endeavour to be there at midnight. *En attendant*, he flung himself on his bed. There is a repose of the body, the effect of mental fatigue, which is often mistaken for calm and undisturbed sleep. Criminals frequently enjoy this on the eve of execution—'tis, at all events, a kind gift of Nature, although it may have fatal consequences. Such, for an hour, did the flirting and heart-trifling-with culprit obtain; but soon the tale of every ruined and heart-broken dame rose in dreams before him. Dido and Calypso were foremost in the ranks; and with their form before his dazzled eyes, he started up, dinnerless, at eight o'clock.

"Send for Mr. Bramblewood," were his first orders after ringing his bell; "if he is not at his lodgings, go to Brookes's, and thence to Lord Sunbury's; and lastly, if not found"—he hesitated—"knock gently and ask Lady Lydia's porter if he knows where he is."—"And, Robert, (his second footman,) put on plain clothes—don't say that you came from me—and ask how her Ladyship does."

The servant returned: he had been at Bramblewood's lodgings, and was told that he left town at a very early hour, and it was uncertain when he would return.—Another perplexity! Bramblewood was to have been at the opening of Lady Gertrude's house—how strange! What a state to be in, to meet all

expected to be disinherited by him, on account of his having made this match without even consulting him.

Whilst this honourable and disinterested conduct was pursued by the brave Bramblewood, Lady Claver was very actively engaged in sifting to the bottom every secret of the fair fugitive's dilapidated circumstances and precipitate flight. She was bearer of a newspaper announcing her arrival at Wright's Hotel, Dover ; for she was recognised in spite of her precautions, and Wright thought that a titled traveller would swell his list and his bill at the same time. It was remarked with wonder that all her servants had been *fully* settled with and paid off by the young Captain, (all officers when *travelling*, are called so this side the water ; on the other side, military rank goes by the purse ; and if gold is given to the servants at Dessein's or Quillac's, it is *mon Colonel*, at least) and that the two footmen who rode behind in the dicky, were discharged at Dover.

"This was deep enough," observed Lady Claver ; and officiously went and informed her robe-maker, that if she used expedition she might likely enough catch Lady Lydia ere she embarked, or by following her over in the next packet get some arrangement, being the first in the field. This manœuvre, however, failed, and Lady Claver by over-doing her old trade of defamation, at last brought on a criminal information, to avoid which she fled to Belgium, and remained there in fear and trembling, during the remnant of her contemptible life.

Our hero was much hurt at the dry manner of his old companion and brother officer's letter : he saw clearly that he had lost a friend by his excessive imprudence and vanity ; and he fancied, the next time he was on guard, that Colonel Leadon behaved to him with unusual coldness and reserve. *Au reste*, the story of Lady Lydia's flight, ruin, and love-dis-

appointment lasted only a few days, to give place to fresher matter. The abduction of a ward in Chancery ; the elopement of a married lady in high life, leaving a distracted husband, and a number of lovely daughters almost in infancy, the one to bear the gnawing pangs of ill-requited love and public offensive pity ; the others to inherit that shame which they never merited, and those impediments in the way of forming an honourable union which a mother's misconduct has entailed upon them ; or *vice versa*, My Lord, or the Honourable Mr. Polygam's ruining a girl at boarding-school, and breaking his Lady's heart ; together with the flight of hundreds, ruined by the expenses of a winter—have no more effect upon the nobles and fashionables who can stand their ground, than a snow-storm has on a brazen pillar, or, as the showman says, " Little boys shooting marbles against the Rock of Gibraltar." And here might very properly be added the accompanying showman's slang, "*Boys*, don't play with the monkeys," since the monkeys who act in this farce of "*The Road to Ruin*" are very dangerous to play with, and a rustic youth is very likely to be bit by them.—The next tale of wonder was Lady Panamar's "*At home*," from which an elopement took place, and which will come in in its proper time and place.

Herbert Greenlaw was all this time miserable ; yet he concealed this state of suffering by the most extensive extravagance and dissipation. The only proper duty which he performed was being constant in writing to Emma, who, living in the retirement which she did, was wholly ignorant of the intrigues and adventures of the town.

The expenditure of the young Guardsman knew no bounds : he had horses on the turf ; belonged to all the Clubs ; played nightly ; abandoned his sober habits ; and drank very hard. It may be observed,

that female society not only refines a man, but attractively draws him off from coarse pursuits and from pernicious habits. The conversation of well-informed women has a peculiar charm ; Cicero himself felt the benefit of it : and it certainly is more becoming to see a man of quality or fashion quit the dinner-table to give his arm to a fine woman going to the Opera, French Play, Almack's, or to a celebrated performer's Benefit Concert, than to behold him flushed and cloudy at the same time in complexion and intellect, adjourning to a gaming-table, or to the orgies of a bacchanalian supper, terminating either in private play, (of all play the worst,) or in the watch-house.

Yet to this did our youth come at last : there was no expensive pastime into which he did not plunge ; he even scattered his money to pugilists, although he abhorred the diversion of the ring, which was quite at variance with the education which he had received, and to his *debut* in life ; and he kept a yacht, although he was always sea-sick, even in crossing the Channel, and although he knew as much about seamanship, nay, even the handling or trimming a sail, steering a boat, or feathering an oar, as a donkey does about an air on the flute. But none of this was natural—it was all affected, assumed—its purpose was to fly from self ; and as it procured fame and notoriety, the mother was blind to the errors of her son.

Not so with the officers of his regiment, they saw and dreaded his approaching ruin ; and on his giving a splendid *repas du corps*, Colonel Leadon refused to attend, and requested to see him the next day, when he besought him to ponder ere it was too late ; to reduce his establishment ; to give up the gaming-table ; to sell his race-horses, never to play with a marked character, or in promiscuous society, and to

resume his former habits of temperance. "Believe me, my young friend," said he, "these extravagances draw down more ridicule than praise : your brother officers would receive you with the same cordiality, if you had not so many hundreds as you expend thousands in the year. It is not necessary to be a *millionaire* in the Guards ; on the contrary, I deem a *millionaire* a very dangerous recruit, and generally a bad soldier : it only requires to be well born, well bred, of easy circumstances, and attentive to the profession of arms, together with honourable principle, and the keeping of good company, to be esteemed in our Brigade, and well received everywhere."

The young soldier pretended to be very grateful for the interest taken in his welfare, and seemed as if inclined to profit by this good advice ; but he was any thing but pleased, the advice offended him highly. What ! sink into a humble commoner of ordinary appearance ! Part with his race-horses, and reduce his establishment, and thus draw all the eyes of Tattersal's and the Clubs upon him ? O ! no, no, no—" *muy obligato*." If the Colonel cut him, he could still always find plenty of well-dressed pleasant young men to accept a place beside him on the box, be a riding and walking companion to him, and add to the conviviality of his weekly bachelor's dinners. He did find plenty, and among them one very dangerous associate. He was now imperceptibly drawing away from the Guards and from female society, from routs, balls, soirées, *conversaziones*, the play and concert ; but he still continued to subscribe to the latter, to look in at the Opera, to attend Almack's, and to be a daily visiter to his Lady-mother, to whom he never ceased to be dutiful.

In a very little time he began to forget Lady Lydia, and to prefer new faces. Of these, he found a

number at Tattersal's, and one of these got the nickname of his Tiger ; for since our hero had left the circle to which female fascinations bound him, he was fast verging from the hyper-exquisite to the ruffian in fashion. Associations are, to our manners and persons, what they are to our ideas : those of talent, fancy, and delicacy, adorn all three ; as the combining with ruder materials disfigures the surface, and debases the interior worth. It will be seen, that our youth's time being devoted partly to the fair sex and partly to his regiment, he was daily expanding into an elegant sample of the soldier and the gentleman ; losing on one side selfishness, from a desire to please Nature's fairest work, and departing from idle boast, egotism, and affectation, to assimilate himself to that corps, the making one of which had so long been the prime object of his ambition. But now that the hours devoted to flirting had become a blank in his diary ; now that he had no friend to confide in and to direct him ; now that he saw in other *belles* a chance of rejected addresses, an account of his late preference ; and finally, now that he dreaded a farther dereliction of a duty, which he was not, at the same time, prepared to perform, namely, constancy to Emma ; and was likewise fearful of a second entanglement, if, like the moth, he continued to flutter round Love's taper ; he flew to the magic bowl for relief, and selected a fresh set of intimates to fill up his leisure hours ; and they were the more acceptable to him, because, as he fed their hunger, they in return nourished his vanity, and could admire his pre-eminent style, his carriages, horses, trinkets, and festivities, which were so familiar to a Guardsman's eye, as not to have any effect whatever. It has been remarked more than once, that a man is never ruined until he takes de-

light in being the king of ~~his~~ company.—But a word about Tigers.

This animal, as the companion for man, was first introduced by the late Lord *Boot-en-avant*, sometimes called Lord Leg, on account of a *footy* deformity : he had a little boy whom he nick-named Tiger Minimus. Since that time other Tigers have taken their seats by the side of Lords and noble ruffians. Lord Oldborough has one, a very innocent Tiger ; a certain Lord on the turf has one, a fighter by trade, now turned adviser ; and other rich men have beasts of this breed, either as champions, curiosities, shades, or followers, and who run after the vehicles of the great or prosperous as Danish or other dogs may do—make a part of the establishment, either for use or ornament. One of this breed (we mean of Tigers) young Greenlaw took for his constant companion,—a very superior-looking fellow, in person and address, in front and courage : and so strange is human nature, that habit becomes second nature ; and as the coachman who had lived on an acclivity for twenty years, always locked his wheel when on level ground, so the patron became so much a part of the *protégé*, that he was soon the most dependent of the two. He now became the pupil of a new school, and could do nothing without the instructor, who was what the lower order call a swell and an out-and-outer both together.

The new comrade, instead of being full of reflection and amenity, like Bramblewood, was an intrepid follower of pleasure, and a scoffer at all form, decorum, and consequences. Nature made him for the most civilized society, and experience had furnished him with conversation on various subjects ; but (what would have horrified Greenlaw a year ago) he could suit himself to all companies, from the

highest to the lowest ; could shine in a ball-room ; drink purl in a tap-room ; drive down the road with a stage coachman ; hunt a day with my Lord ; and finish the evening with the friend to whom he taught the same game—and this was the constant round. Their day was spent in folly, their evening in reveling at table, the night and morning in drinking and at the gaming-table. After the usual succession of these pursuits, the approach of Epsom Races made it necessary for the owner of six running horses to attend Tattersal's, and to consult the betting book, and to study the odds.

CHAPTER XIX.

TATTERSAL'S.—LADY PANAMAR'S ROUT.—NEWS
FROM THE CONTINENT.

"Surely the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."—HUDIBRAS.

THE sports of the turf and field are certainly in themselves healthful, manly, and exhilarating; they tend to collect together the nobility and gentry of the county in which either the race or hunt is held or assembled; they draw the tenant and yeoman, the farmer and honest country gentleman, nearer to his Lord Lieutenant, Lord of the Manor, and great land proprietor; the purposes of conviviality and good fellowship are promoted; and while the rubicund-complexioned parson, the jolly magistrate, and technical doctor (all surgeons and apothecaries being such in the country, like travelling captains abroad,) preside at the jovial and hospitable bowl, equity is very likely to be substituted in place of the *glorious* uncertainty, sinuosities, and delays of the law, to say nothing of the insolence of office, differences may naturally be expected to be amicably arranged, loyalty and true British feeling are certain to be preserved. The turf offers an additional advantage; namely, the still greater improvement of the breed of horses: while a race in itself is decidedly one of the most spirit-stirring pleasures which can possibly

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be imagined, and moreover, what ought to be dear to every Briton's heart, it is quite national. The starting of the high-mettled racer is a moment of delight:—his arched neck, symmetrical shape, taper limbs, proud bearing, his impatience as he strikes the turf with his fore-foot, and snuffs up the breeze, are gladdening to every eye, cheering to every breast. The pulse of anxiety beats with him in his course, it redoubles and varies in his progress, and the heart bounds on his passing the winning-post the foremost by a neck, while other half-a-dozen pictures of their species are so near, that, to use the jockey and huntsman's expression, "You might cover them with a sheet."

All this is fine, as is the admirable horsemanship of the rider, his skill, judgment, dexterity, and address, the effect of a start, keeping the lead, saving and putting out his horse by turns, the whip hand, the advantage of ground, the generalship (if we may use the expression) of computing the strength of competitors, the making the most of his horse, throwing him his length, or jerking him in upon a push, and finally, if beaten, the making a pretty race of it, and deserving well of his employer—all this, too, is fine; and we accord due praise to the Chiffneys, the Buckles, and all other jockeys of ancient and modern times, allowing that the boldness and dexterity of the jockey, like these qualities in the sportsman, from his most worthy Grace of Beaufort down to the huntsman and whipper-in, contribute hugely to making us the finest riding nation in Europe, and do wonders for the courage of our cavalry and mounted military of all descriptions. But beyond this the turf and sporting field go not. The former is innocent in itself, but the latter is so completely a trade, that it loses its greatest charm to honourable men and men of honour—namely, those to whom

rank has given that distinction in society, and those who have received it from innate goodness, education, and habit. For it is on the turf and in the ring the same thing; and it may be said of them taken together, with truth, arising from experience, that "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.*"

So much deceit, dishonesty, trick, and over-reaching, occur in both, that although a race is a beautiful thing to be a spectator of, yet it is unsafe to meddle with as a bettor, and ruinous to dabble in, much more to be habitually concerned in; unless a nobleman or gentleman can condescend to mingle with low-born and unprincipled society, to be the companion of breeders, dealers, jockeys, grooms, and Greeks, and to be a little of all these characters. There are a few of the nobility and gentry who keep race horses for diversion, the improvement of the breed, or from fashion, and whose bets and races are both fair; but when compared with all the overwhelming tide of legs, adventurers, gentlemen-jockeys, and advisers

"Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto."

Touching the ring, the matter is infinitely worse;—the sport is at variance with humanity—it is also ungentlemanlike. It certainly keeps up the old English spirit among the lower orders, but it tends to demoralize the middle ranks, brings down the high-born man (if he identify himself as a patron with the *trade*, for such it is) to the level of the low, and opens the door to fraud and greeking, as *handy*

* We crave pardon of our moral reader for this Scripture quotation. We are aware of its original meaning—to wit, that human celerity and strength avail not, where a dread and higher power can dispose of all events. In the present instance, all that is intended is to show that the agency of self-interest puts all fair play at naught.

in the ring, as at the board, where cards and dice come up not by chance but at will. It will be said in defence of pugilism, that in a nation where the fist is the instrument of defence, assassination seldom occurs, and more serious combats are avoided; whilst it is putting individuals on a level of defence, and in the way of fair play. The first we will grant; the last positions we deny. The manly set-to can never adjust an affair of honour between persons of the higher classes, whether naval, military, or civil; and as to the equality of combat, it is unequal as the sword possibly can be, since science is every thing in both; and a thousand times less equal than the trigger, where, in spite of practice, chance or nerve most generally carries the day.

Having said so much on the turf and sporting-field, we naturally come to Tattersal's, where the first characters of each habitually attend, either to buy or sell horses or dogs, to make bets, gain sporting intelligence, to puff, or keep up the price of a friend's or employer's stud; to appear to be come for one of these purposes, to meet friends, to see who is in town, and lastly, to act as spies on the sporting and fashionable world. From this variety of causes for frequenting this spot, a most motley group assembles on sale-days here, both inside and outside of the establishment, and characters may be studied from the prince to the private gentleman, and from him to the groom out of place; nay, even to the vilest of the vile—those servile followers of the law who accompany John Doe and Richard Roe in their official capacity and *tangible* shape. The Greek cohorts and legions, cavalry and infantry, are also sure to be here, because some of them are deeply connected with the turf, and because others always follow the tide of Fashion, and watch the motions of every Belcour or Goldfinch, until his Peruvian dust be

scattered to the wind : sometimes, too, they lay in wait for the farmer's bags, who, just arrived from Mark-lane with his sample in his pocket, intent to purchase a smart hack, or to bargain for a bit of blood out of condition, gets hoaxed into a bet on a pending race, and amused by the glib tongue of some flashy sharper, tosses up for a beef-steak and a bottle, and ends, *very much against the grain*, by losing the canvass money-bag, and by converting his corn into gold, which is handed over to the gaming-table.

Here our hero, accompanied by his Tiger, made his morning call, and allowed himself to be played upon in the purchase of a brace of spaniels and a Barbary horse ; here he also gained the following intelligence, and saw the persons connected with it, which shall be given in an abridgment, as we are impatient to take our lady-readers to Lady Panamar's party.

The subject of races, past, present, and to come, was freely discussed : the Derby, the Doncaster, and all the Newmarket meetings, were animadverted to. It was asserted that half those who passed for knowing ones were mere flats, and were tools in the hands of their jockeys and stud-grooms. Lord Dunderton, although waxing old, and long upon the turf, was said to be nobody without Sam Ch—f—y at his elbow to advise him, who was always sure to play fair when he did not play booty. Lord M—lc—r was laughed at for a book which he bought two years ago, called the Hollyoaks, and which might have been termed the Folly-hoax, by way of a child's guide, to teach him the art of winning on a race, calculations, and divers other matters, which he has since learned, to his cost, are not to be effected by rule. Mr. Alley Renard was also brought on the tapis, together with what York cost him (the races no doubt) ; nor was the powerful co-operation which

W——t obtained from R——d——le and the *ci-devant* pugilist G——l——y, now bloated with money and success, passed over in silence. The owner of Antonio was represented as on the road to ruin, although once flushed with partial success; and Marmalade Welville, and Mr. P——t——se were said to know the *Roads* which led to the winning-post. Crackpurse's turf concerns, and the travelling accommodation which he brought down for my Lords and *Gemmens*—his being hoaxed about the counters, which might be termed a counter-hoax—all had their share of comments; after which pocket-books were pulled out, memorandums and notes set down, stakes deposited, matches made, horses *placed*, together with all the other usual operations for anticipated races; and he who thought himself very knowing, and schooled by his losses, went off as likely to lose as ever.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the gay Guardsman went to dress, and met all the *beau monde* at the rich mansion of the Nabob and his more ambitious better half.

Lady Panamar's husband had spent the most valuable years of his life in a tropical climate; he returned at the age of forty-six, with a York-tan complexion, sky-blue lips, and a mortgaged constitution: his liver was quite burned up, nor was the induration of the heart much less: selfishness, and the enjoyment of what pleasures can be culled in a state of constant fever, such as artificial breezes, the fanning and shampooing of slaves, being borne in a reclined posture by degraded men of colour; hot and high sauces and viands; burned odours; together with the obnubilation and offuscation of the brain from smoking; and a most inordinate love for money, not as a miser, but to spend in pride and ambitious emulation, made him callous to all social ties. He was like Catiline in one respect,—

"Alieni appetens, sui profusus."

D'ailleurs, he belonged to nobody, and had no relations to look after or provide for on his return, laden with four hundred thousand pounds; so that, on purchasing a stately edifice near the Regent's Park, he gave orders to his porter to receive no petitions, to give all letters to his wife, to beat the beggars, and swear that he never was at home to any body except company invited by him to his epicurean dinners, or by his lady to her evening parties; the rest of the domestics were commanded to bow thrice every time they saw him, and never to dare to speak unless spoken to.

On his arrival he knew enough of the golden rule to obtain a title and a seat in Parliament; in the list of nobility he was considered as a cipher; and as a mute, or rather an automaton in the House; for when the ministerial wire was pulled, he nodded, and assented yes or no, as the majority required. At table, nevertheless, he made a very decent appearance, and was lavish, not hospitable. Lady Panamar met Sir Ralph (*not Raff*) at Madras; she was then a fine girl, gone out on a venture with a brace of other sisters, to get married, their elder sister being sacrificed to a paralytic General. The young lady *jumped*, as it is vulgarly called, at the nabob's offer; and when she returned, all diamonds and cashmeres, she started in the race of fashion, hoping to distance half the quality in town.

Lady Gertrude did not like nabobs and their ladies; she held them (for she was the proudest of the proud) like Lord Mayors and Lady Mayoresses, amphibious nobles (as she haughtily termed it,) a mixture of trade and title, money and merchandise; novices in the sphere of their revolving; and, finally, brevet rank nobility: nevertheless, so very sump-

tnous were the feasts of Panamar-house, and so well attended and crowded were her ladyship's nocturnal parties, that she *brought herself* to partake of the one, and to be in the list of the company of the other; and in return, she invited her, Lady P., two or three times in the season to her house.

Lady Panamar was present at Lady Gertrude's house-opening, and her heart turned sick with envy at its splendour: she immediately conceived the project of outdoing it in a let off within a month. The time was now arrived, and the company congregated. The exertions to surpass her rival were excessive; but, upon the whole, Lady Gertrude beat her. The number of servants exceeded Lady Gertrude's, but they exhibited a piebald race, being black and white almost alternated; add to which she had hired some awkward performers, who betrayed their ignorance, and their being strangers to the house. Livery the Nabob had none; he chose the usual light gray and red, all daubed over with gold lace; but as Lady Panamar considered this as not striking enough, she ordered new suits of crimson and sky-blue, which, barring the blue instead of green, exactly imitated the livery of the junior branches of the royal family.

"What presumption!" exclaimed Lady Gertrude, on entering the hall. The furniture was richer than that of the rival, because it consisted in curious rich Indian cabinets: tables inlaid, not only with mother-of-pearl, but with precious stones, together with beautiful Asiatic silk drapery, embroidered with gold, and splendid coloured embroidery; and lastly, a room of green silk, bordered all round with the feathers of the rarest and most costly birds of three quarters of the globe, Asia, Africa, and America, whilst the carpet was composed of leopard's skins, sewed together, and bordered by very heavy gold.

bullion fringe. At the sight of this *salon*, Lady Gertrude felt sick at heart, was ready to faint, and never recovered during the whole of the night, although assured by the best of judges of elegance, and taste, that the music, supper, arrangements, and list of personages, could in no way compare with hers, either in quantity, quality, *bon goût*, or *tout ensemble*. She was not to be consoled, and only felt relieved on gaining her bedchamber, where, alas ! sleep never alighted upon her eyelids.

The rest of the night's attractions were of the usual cast, with this difference, that there was a strong spice of gaming mixed up in the bill of fare. Sir Ralph had contracted a great taste for this pernicious *passa-tempo* whilst in India, by which, the tale of ill report insinuated, he had made most of his money. Of the Guards there were but three present : some were on guard, some had previous engagements, and others did not like Sir Ralph nor his lady ; and their absence made the concern very flat, at least the dancing misses were all of that opinion. Young Greenlaw was in forced spirits : he made his person very choice and precious in the dancing line ; but he did stoop so far as to stand up in one *quadrille* and two waltzes with titled ladies, who whispered it about, that he was nearly cured of his love sickness, and that some other *belle* might fairly start to supplant the widow.

The summer was rapidly coming on, and the warm season trod upon the last steps of spring, and brought gaudier flowers, to look back with contempt on the snowdrop and the violet : the hyacinth, the delight and comfort of the gelid months, had long since been rejected ; and the full fragrance of bolder flowers bloomed in every fashionable corridor and boudoir, and had begun to expand in every garden in the open air ; so that a moralizing or

philosophizing man would have retired from art to nature with a feeling of lost time, and have wished that early, refreshing sleep had enabled him to pass from his couch to his garden, and from the works of men's hands to great creative nature ; not primordial, as the skeptic would wish it were, but the creature and instrument in the hands of uncreated Omnipotence.

When the company separated, the votary of pleasure might have seen from the corner of his carriage, where exhaustion and the fatigue of dissipation had placed him, the husbandman and the handicraft labouring, at small recompense, for those luxuries without which he could not exist ; but, under these circumstances, the mind has lost its reflective power, in the same *ratio* that the body is deprived of its primitive natural energies. Young Greenlaw hurried into bed, and felt too happy to have no intruding care to chase rest and the *dulcia oblivia vitæ* from his pillow ; and if there be a tranquil pleasure in life, it is the forgetfulness of the world's cares, which exist, in altered forms, more on the brow which wears a diadem, than on that which a straw hat or other humble covering protects from the solar beam.

When our hero awoke, he was not half refreshed, for it happened to be a field-day, and the grand review was fast approaching : he went through the business of the morning as ill as can be imagined, for late hours and revelling accord not with masculine exertion and military discipline ; and it is marvellous how the followers of fashion keep time and favour with both. On his return to his town-house, he found newspapers, magazines, letters, and *billets*, in great number, on his breakfast-table ; but as he had brought home three brother-officers to breakfast, and as his Tiger was there to meet him,

he only took up one paper, having permission so to do, and begged tiger to read and answer all letters *not coming from France*. Whether the Nabob had paid double price for flattery, or whether (as was stated to be the case) a relation of Lady Panamar's, provided for by the press, felt the peculiar satisfaction, arising from parentage and the *honour done him*, of being present and partaking of the good things, is not yet decided; but certain it is, that the Panamar House entertainment looked better on paper, than the grand opening, for the season, of Lady Gertrude Greenlaw's house. It is true that it was only so on paper; but like the advertisement of a Stock Company, the names set down, sums at stake, and advantages detailed, were enough to blind the eyes of the reader, and to eclipse the real magnificence of the forgotten feast. Greenlaw saw it with disgust—Lady Gertrude was confined to her bed on perusing it: the son threw it down in contempt—the mother burned it, but its contents she could not get over.

When his brother-officers had withdrawn, he inquired about the notes and epistles. There were invitations and club-meeting announcements, petitions and amatory billets; and (for the first time) a score of civil, yet urgent dunning letters;—"I shall give all these to the flames," said the Tiger, rising erectly, as if he were up in his stirrups; "but there is one letter from Dijon, and you must read that," authoritatively uttered prime-minister Tiger.

"Well, give it me," said the patron; "I know from what hand it comes,—alas!" (for this renewed his divided feelings) "not from the fair fingers and rosy palm, which used to entwine roses for my guilty brow;—*allons, voyons!*"

The handwriting was Bramblewood's. The short contents—

"Dear Herbert,

"*Nous avons brûlés Paris*, and are arrived, tired and in haste, at Dijon. Lady L. L. is seriously ill, and we proceed from hence to Italy, for change of air: too late I fear. I am married, no matter how or where; but legally and indissolubly, and I am happy. I expect to be gazetted out of the Guards every week. Farewell. Tell the miscreant tribe of detractors, that her Ladyship's debts will be paid, and that I am not run away; and bid them beware of Lady Claver's example. Pray how is dame Blight? Let her also have a care. Respects at home.

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others for a short-lived season of happiness ; she sacrificed her time, her treasure, and her health, to gain the praise of ungrateful guests, and to shine in the list of nobility by making a conspicuous figure in the columns of a newspaper. Beyond these, it is true, she had one darling object,—her son, he was her idol. But hers was not genuine, pure, unmixed affection ; there was blended with it a great portion of alloy, namely, the dross of pride, to see him great and flourishing, the master of a splendid edifice and establishment, quoted in all fashionable details, and allied to nobility. These were the treasured objects of her ambition : had he disappointed her in these views, or married what she considered beneath him, it would have broken her heart ; and she would very probably have banished him not only from her love, but from her presence,—for so she often said.

Her present malady was of a doubtful nature, her physician attributed it to cold caught at Lady Panamar's party, together with a long continued debility of the nervous system ; which, alas ! is too frequent among women of fashion, who embark in all the pleasures which dissipation affords, and become the victims of late hours, the dangerous variety of temperatures of theatres, crowded saloons, the passage through halls to their equipages, streams of air, sleepless nights, and the heart-achings which envy, emulation, and disappointment often bring ; not to mention that apathy which at last succeeds to the fatigue of Vanity in all her operations. But her intimate acquaintances were of opinion, that it was owing to her pride being wounded at the newspaper flourish in favour of the Nabob's lady, which outstripped her entertainment ; and the spleen excited by the green silk room bordered by the rich plumage, which no money or exertions on her part could procure.

In the commencement of her confinement, she gave orders that every one should be let in except Lady Panamar and Mrs. Blight; and she lay extended on a sofa covered with purple and silver satin, habited in a cambric nightgown, trimmed with *dentelles de Malines*, a Valenciennes lace cap ornamented with artificial roses, and a hundred-pound Cashmere negligently but gracefully thrown across her shoulders. A gentle light was let into her apartment, so that, although she was highly rouged, it looked natural. She had rose coloured satin shoes, and a profusion of rings on her fingers; a few splendidly bound volumes, which she never opened, on her table; and the most expensive flowers that the hot-house could produce, which, however, were not without their utility, in overcoming the strong smell of ether, to which, as well as opium, she had become so habituated that when in apparent health she could not live without them.

The public display of indisposition did not last long; it increased her fever, made her delirious a whole night, and caused her medical attendants to forbid her to receive company, and to direct that she should be kept as cool and tranquil as possible. "Let not her mind be agitated upon any account," said they:—but this was more easily said than done.

Her son was now assiduous in his attentions, so that there was a short period of his life given up to duty and rational occupation; but as she showed signs of recovery, he recommenced the usual routine of expense, and nightly attended what he jocosely called the Fishmongers' Company; alluding to Crackpurse's having carried out fish* in his youth,

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As Lady Gertrude's health amended, she was allowed to receive one or two visits in the day, among which her Grace of oldstyle was the first.

The Duchess never visited her personally in the days of her pomp, pride, prosperity, and folly ; but when she heard of her illness, she called upon her, deeming the visiting the sick to be an act of humanity, for which brilliant quality her Grace stands first upon the list of virtuous nobility. With her the nobility of the heart and mind transcends even the lustre of her birth, which she owes to a long, unsullied line of worthy and illustrious ancestors ; and it may be equally said of her, that the extensive possessions and riches of which she might boast are yet inferior to the store of noble and feeling actions which make her ten times more rich in good works. There is, moreover, a variety in her benevolence rare to be met with. She is considering, calculating, soothing, generous, discriminating, and grand, in all her acts of friendship, charity, and mercy ; pure in her morality, unaffected in her piety, chaste in her conversation, dignified in her deportment ; a tender parent, an exemplary wife to her departed lord, an indulgent mistress, a firm friend, a loyal subject, a patriotic Englishwoman, and a blessing sent for the poor. Of her birth it may be said, that, as Ulysses established that he had

“ —Deus in utroque parente,”

can neither read nor write, yet who has the clearest head for play that possibly can exist, and so strong and retentive a memory that he does all his business by it, and when he return home he gets his wife to write down his bets and to book what is owing to him.

she can prove ducal nobility by birth and marriage ; and were she to add, like the Greek chief,—

“ *Nam genus et preces et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco,*”

she might rest her title to nobility on *noblesse d'ame*, the highest quality which a man or monarch can display. In town (not far from the Treasury) her house is like a beacon to the lost mariner ; a door at which distress never knocked in vain. At Richmond, the creation, from the animal gifted with reason to the dumb beast and feathered flock, shares her munificence. It is curious, on the green lawn laved and bordered by the King of Rivers, old Father Thames, to behold the tenants of the air flock round a person employed to feed them, and to see her Grace, now an octogenarian, a witness of this scene of self-created hospitality to these humble members of the creation ; and were we to follow her from this beneficent pastime through her whole diary of laudable employment, we should discover the love of the Creator and bounty to his creatures, mixed up with almost every hour. At her estates, when present, the same scenes of a life useful to mankind are performed ; and in her absence, orders are given that the poor may not be forgotten. That her valuable life may long be preserved is the wish of all that know her ; and that her grandson may look up to her as his best example, must be the anxious prayer of all connected with the family, either in the paternal or maternal line.

Her Grace's visit was a short one. She expressed herself kindly, and gave her her best wishes, advising her to be most careful of herself ; and on recovering, to change her mode of life, as that in which she had been living must be most prejudicial to her.

constitution, which, in fact, was ruined. She added, with a smile, "that she should be glad to see her son when he could spare time, but feared that M——house was too dull and quiet for his taste and habits." In conclusion, she informed her that she had that morning seen General Stockford, formerly of the Guards, and that he expected the young man would get his promotion very soon. The General observed, at the same time, "that he was much liked in the regiment; they all believed that he had a good heart, but wished that he could pilot his bark a little more steadily, as all his best friends regretted the expensiveness of his habits, and feared that he had deserted them for less safe associates."

There was what Lady Gertrude *miscalled* an *aigre-doux* in this information and advice. She was pleased with the prospect of her son's promotion, but could not stomach any thing in the shape of blame thrown upon her darling. She nevertheless told him what her Grace had said, to which he responded, in an affected tone, "Well! I—do—like—that Duchess of Oldstyle" (each word drawn out thus at length, with a break or pause after it;) "she is a mighty good sort of a woman, but then *voyez vous*, my dearest mother, your good sort of people are most estimable bodies to those to whom they do good, but very dull company; Lady Newstyle would better suit poor frail me. I would dine at her Grace's house with a vast deal of pleasure, but for the *monotonie* of moral conversation, which has a lethargic effect upon me. Her dinners are as bad as our relation's, the Bishop's; not a particle of scandal is allowed as the *sauce piquante*, to make the repast go down; no coquetting neighbours at table; no amusing satirists to serve up your friends in some new form, or to announce some new votary of fashion lately *dished*: an heir plucked like a pigeon, or

a fat banker cleaned out like the empty shell of an oyster. Now, there's some fun in this; but her Grace speaks well of every body. Then again, there's no Lady Tonish to encourage amorous enterprise, nor unfortunate person to make a butt of, or to whet the edge of well-turned ridicule on."

Here mamma patted him on the cheek, and laughed: this sally did her a world of good—who so humorous, so *aimable*, or so delightful, as her Herbert? He perceived that he pleased her, so he continued—"By the way, I dined at the Bishop's the other day. I arrived precisely at seven, and the Goths had begun dinner. I met there a score of parsons, with cauliflower wigs and fire-shovel hats; some, too, had their silk aprons. I wish the Established Church would establish a more becoming dress. I declare I could not help laughing at the Bishop, as I was marching off the guard in St. James's Park, to see him riding in black cloth gaiters, and a noble of the old school riding by the side of him, in a double barrelled wig and a cut and thrust tail;* nearly as complete a caricature as the late quack who used to amuse the folks in Hyde Park, by appearing with a queue, cocked hat, and a long-tailed pony. Had it not been for two originals, who supported the *buffa* parts, and even deranged the gravity of his Lordship, the evening would have been quite insupportable; for we were bored a full hour about the Catholic Question—as if I cared a fig about that or any other question in the Upper or Lower House, or any house but a Club-house, the Opera-house, or one opened with a splendid fête like yours (this flattered her). Our relation is a constant attendant at the House, although turning

* By this is meant the wigs of the last century, with

"Two curls of a side
To a pig's tail tied."

deaf every year. Perhaps, if I was as deaf as he, I might attend too ; as the late Lord North said to his brother the Bishop, respecting the heavy concerts of ancient music ; but as it is, *scusate mi Signor*. Now to return to our exotics, who on earth, of all created beings, can you guess was at his Lordship's table, neat as imported and as large as life, but our village surgeon, turned into a St. Andrew's degree doctor, come to town to practise ! It was your Ladyship who first turned his head ; and he has brought his precious rib with him, who miscalls every thing. It is the highest farce imaginable to hear the Doctor's Græco-Latinical, technical, and medical orations ; and Madame coming out with a mouthful of hard words, which she miscalls and continually uses out of place. In answer to my hoping that the Doctor was in high practice, she informed me that her *spouse* had succeeded beyond his most *sanguinary* expectation ; that he had cured Counsellor Silverspeech of a *bumbago* (lumbago,) and that in a very miraculous manner, he lately had *hoperated* Lady Diana's favourite lap-dog, and had *seducd* (reduced) a bit of flesh like a *ven* in its neck, *discussed* (dispersed) the *concrecence* (excrecence,) and saved the poor *hanimal's* life. It was not quite certain whether it was a *ven*, or a mere *lusum naturi* (*lusus naturæ*,) but he had *besalved* it (preserved it) in a bottle, to show to the faculty, and perhaps might send it to the British Atheneum (Museum ;) he had also set Mrs. Blight to rights, who had been *inflicted* with a *Diorama* of long standing.*—(The poor Bishop felt for her.) Her husband had been called out,* or he would have explained.—‘A what,

* It is not a very uncommon thing for young practitioners to order their servants to call them out to non-existing patients : this demonstrates extensive practice, just as tavern-keepers have been known to ring their own bells to make a show of the press of business.

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philosophizing man would have retired from art to nature with a feeling of lost time, and have wished that early, refreshing sleep had enabled him to pass from his couch to his garden, and from the works of men's hands to great creative nature ; not primordial, as the skeptic would wish it were, but the creature and instrument in the hands of uncreated Omnipotence.

When the company separated, the votary of pleasure might have seen from the corner of his carriage, where exhaustion and the fatigue of dissipation had placed him, the husbandman and the handicraft labouring, at small recompense, for those luxuries without which he could not exist; but, under these circumstances, the mind has lost its reflective power, in the same *ratio* that the body is deprived of its primitive natural energies. Young Greenlaw hurried into bed, and felt too happy to have no intruding care to chase rest and the *dulcia oblivia vite* from his pillow ; and if there be a tranquil pleasure in life, it is the forgetfulness of the world's cares, which exist, in altered forms, more on the brow which wears a diadem, than on that which a straw hat or other humble covering protects from the solar beam.

When our hero awoke, he was not half refreshed, for it happened to be a field-day, and the grand review was fast approaching : he went through the business of the morning as ill as can be imagined, for late hours and revelling accord not with masculine exertion and military discipline ; and it is marvellous how the followers of fashion keep time and favour with both. On his return to his town-house, he found newspapers, magazines, letters, and *billets*, in great number, on his breakfast-table ; but as he had brought home three brother-officers to breakfast, and as his Tiger was there to meet him,

he only took up one paper, having permission so to do, and begged tiger to read and answer all letters *not coming from France*. Whether the Nabob had paid double price for flattery, or whether (as was stated to be the case) a relation of Lady Panamar's, provided for by the press, felt the peculiar satisfaction, arising from parentage and the *honour done him*, of being present and partaking of the good things, is not yet decided; but certain it is, that the Panamar House entertainment looked better on paper, than the grand opening, for the season, of Lady Gertrude Greenlaw's house. It is true that it was only so on paper; but like the advertisement of a Stock Company, the names set down, sums at stake, and advantages detailed, were enough to blind the eyes of the reader, and to eclipse the real magnificence of the forgotten feast. Greenlaw saw it with disgust—Lady Gertrude was confined to her bed on perusing it: the son threw it down in contempt—the mother burned it, but its contents she could not get over.

When his brother-officers had withdrawn, he inquired about the notes and epistles. There were invitations and club-meeting announcements, petitions and amatory billets; and (for the first time) a score of civil, yet urgent dunning letters;—"I shall give all these to the flames," said the Tiger, rising erectly, as if he were up in his stirrups; "but there is one letter from Dijon, and you must read that," authoritatively uttered prime-minister Tiger.

"Well, give it me," said the patron; "I know from what hand it comes,—alas!" (for this renewed his divided feelings) "not from the fair fingers and rosy palm, which used to entwine roses for my guilty brow;—*allons, voyons!*"

The handwriting was Bramblewood's. The short contents—

"Dear Herbert,

"*Nous avons brûlés Paris*, and are arrived, tired and in haste, at Dijon. Lady L. L. is seriously ill, and we proceed from hence to Italy, for change of air: too late I fear. I am married, no matter how or where; but legally and indissolubly, and I am happy. I expect to be gazetted out of the Guards every week. Farewell. Tell the miscreant tribe of detractors, that her Ladyship's debts will be paid, and that I am not run away; and bid them beware of Lady Claver's example. Pray how is dame Blight? Let her also have a care. Respects at home.

"Yours, sincerely,

"B——.

"P. S.—I hope that Colonel Leadon received the trifling present, which I sent him from Calais, safe."

The letter demanded deep cogitation; it announced eternal separation with the self-injured Lady Lydia; to whom, nevertheless, the youth had not acted honourably. There was a pugnacious gladiatorial disposition, on the part of the champion, to take up the glove in beauty's cause on his return; and a strange precipitation to gain *la bella Italia*, either for the purposes of health or distance; and lastly, an appearance of cash to pay Lady Lydia's debts. But first "*Nous avons brûlé Paris*:"* the

* The expression *brûlé* is not commonly understood by an Englishman, but is quite French, inasmuch that a Parisian, who had promised to correspond with an English friend at Paris, thus began his letter—dated Marlborough.

"Mi dear friend,

"I burned London, and am on my road to Bath."

This would seem like an incendiary letter; but *brûler Londres*, or *brûler le pave*, mean merely to pass through a town at full speed, striking fire from the pavement—How truly French!

reason was obvious—great and pleasurable cities were insupportable to the fair fugitive, nor could she encounter the faces of ruined rakes and dandies, withered and disappointed belles, and, above all, the inquiries, “*on dits*,” and reports, which might bear upon herself. This was easily accounted for, but the paying of debts was still an object of dubiety: with which he dismissed the subject, appointed the Tiger to meet him at the Horse-Bazaar, consented, with some difficulty, to assist at an ex-champion’s dinner, and wrote *maman* a line, to say that he should hope to meet her at the Opera; which communication was answered by his father, desiring to see him in an hour, and informing him that his mother was alarmingly ill.

CHAPTER XX.

SICKNESS.—THE DUCHESS OF OLDSTYLE.—JOURNEY
TO BRIGHTON.

“For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
 And the weak soul within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast,
 Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper-lace ;
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.”

GOLDSMITH.

LADY GERTRUDE's illness assumed a serious appearance—she was bilious to a great degree, and had a slow fever, in addition to the total derangement of her nerves : and no woman was less fit for a bed of sickness, or even for confinement to her chamber, for she possessed neither patience nor resignation, nor could she enjoy those rational pleasures which persons of calm and orderly habits find so many resources in. Enslaved by fashion, and wedded to the world—she could neither read nor work, nor take interest in instructive conversation. Like many of those so admirably described by the poet, who either starve or stint themselves, to make occasional displays of ostentatious finery—or ruin themselves for the same weak purpose, depending entirely on

others for a short-lived season of happiness ; she sacrificed her time, her treasure, and her health, to gain the praise of ungrateful guests, and to shine in the list of nobility by making a conspicuous figure in the columns of a newspaper. Beyond these, it is true, she had one darling object,—her son, he was her idol. But hers was not genuine, pure, unmixed affection ; there was blended with it a great portion of alloy, namely, the dross of pride, to see him great and flourishing, the master of a splendid edifice and establishment, quoted in all fashionable details, and allied to nobility. These were the treasured objects of her ambition : had he disappointed her in these views, or married what she considered beneath him, it would have broken her heart ; and she would very probably have banished him not only from her love, but from her presence,—for so she often said.

Her present malady was of a doubtful nature, her physician attributed it to cold caught at Lady Panamar's party, together with a long continued debility of the nervous system ; which, alas ! is too frequent among women of fashion, who embark in all the pleasures which dissipation affords, and become the victims of late hours, the dangerous variety of temperatures of theatres, crowded saloons, the passage through halls to their equipages, streams of air, sleepless nights, and the heart-achings which envy, emulation, and disappointment often bring ; not to mention that apathy which at last succeeds to the fatigue of Vanity in all her operations. But her intimate acquaintances were of opinion, that it was owing to her pride being wounded at the newspaper flourish in favour of the Nabob's lady, which outstripped her entertainment ; and the spleen excited by the green silk room bordered by the rich plumage, which no money or exertions on her part could procure.

In the commencement of her confinement, she gave orders that every one should be let in except Lady Panamar and Mrs. Blight ; and she lay extended on a sofa covered with purple and silver satin, habited in a cambric nightgown, trimmed with *dentelles de Malines*, a Valenciennes lace cap ornamented with artificial roses, and a hundred-pound Cashmere negligently but gracefully thrown across her shoulders. A gentle light was let into her apartment, so that, although she was highly rouged, it looked natural. She had rose coloured satin shoes, and a profusion of rings on her fingers ; a few splendidly bound volumes, which she never opened, on her table ; and the most expensive flowers that the hot-house could produce, which, however, were not without their utility, in overcoming the strong smell of ether, to which, as well as opium, she had become so habituated that when in apparent health she could not live without them.

The public display of indisposition did not last long ; it increased her fever, made her delirious a whole night, and caused her medical attendants to forbid her to receive company, and to direct that she should be kept as cool and tranquil as possible. "Let not her mind be agitated upon any account," said they :—but this was more easily said than done.

Her son was now assiduous in his attentions, so that there was a short period of his life given up to duty and rational occupation ; but as she showed signs of recovery, he recommenced the usual routine of expense, and nightly attended what he jocosely called the Fishmongers' Company ; alluding to Crackpurse's having carried out fish* in his youth,

* It is really marvellous, that men of low habits and youthful obscure life should get initiated into the *arcana* of horse-racing and of play ; and still more, how they learn to entertain *en seigneur*, as Cracky does. As a proof of the former, however, there exists a man of nothing, who

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